

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1915.

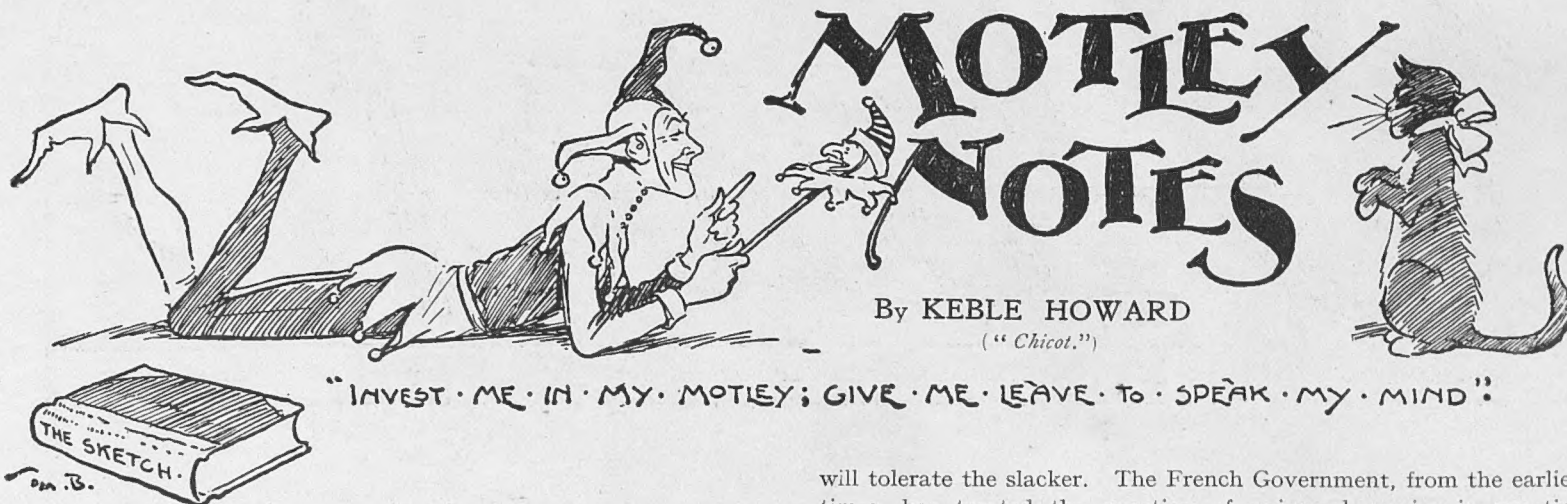
SIXPENCE.



WIFE OF THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: THE HON. LADY MONRO.

The wife of the distinguished soldier, General Sir Charles Carmichael Monroe, K.C.B., who has been appointed to the command of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, in succession to General Sir Ian Hamilton, who has come to England to report, was married in 1912. Lady Monroe is a sister of Lord O'Hagan, and was, before her marriage to General Sir Charles Monroe, well known in Society as the Hon. Mary

Caroline Towneley - O'Hagan. The first Baron O'Hagan, her father, was a Privy Councillor and a great legal luminary, who became in turn Solicitor-General and Attorney-General for Ireland, a Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and, finally, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was created Baron O'Hagan of Tuillaghogue, Co. Tyrone.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



Conscription Mania.

It must be a dreadful thing to have conscription mania. I have my own opinions on the subject of conscription, but the matter is rather too controversial for these columns. Looking at it objectively, however, I should say that conscription mania is far worse when it attacks an individual in an ordinary walk of life than when it seizes upon the proprietor of a newspaper. The private person wakes up with it, bathes with it, breakfasts with it, takes it in the train with him, works with it, lunches with it, bores people at the club with it, dines with it, bores the family with it, and sleeps with it. That must be very dreadful.

The proprietor of a newspaper, on the other hand, has a safety-valve. He can permeate his paper with conscription, and then sleep in peace. When he wakes in the morning, he has but to open his paper, and there he finds his views eloquently and trenchantly expressed in every column. That, of course, gives him great relief, and probably saves his reason.

He begins, no doubt, with the leader. The leader, ostensibly, has nothing to do with conscription, but conscription, of course, gets into it before the end. For example—

THE POSITION OF BULGARIA

"... This is the attitude we have unflinchingly adopted, ever since the outbreak of the present war, towards the Balkan States. If our leaders falter, if they show the slightest sign of weakness in the matter of Bulgaria, then indeed we shall exclaim with Shelley—

"But, we may be asked, have you any reason to suppose that the Government will deal weakly with the Bulgarian affair? Our reply is, how has the Government dealt with the matter of National Service? Where is that steady flow of men which—?"

And the trick is done.

The Money Market.

But a leader, after all, is only a leader. There are people who do not read leaders. There is your City man, who spends most of the train journey on the money column. Yet he gets caught in this way—

"The attitude of the Bank in this connection does not please us. We have, as a matter of fact, repeatedly warned the Bank that we could not accept the theory that dear money. . . .

"Yet, it must be admitted, there is some show of reason on the side of the Bank so long as the Government vacillate between the Voluntary and the Compulsory system. Nothing so quickly affects national finance as the knowledge that the supply of men is inadequate to the demand, and those in charge of the Bank of England would be the first to agree with us that the only feasible scheme. . . ."

The Ladies' Page.

Ladies, of course, read neither the leader nor the Money Market, so they must be got at through their own columns. That is quite simple to the experienced journalist—

NEW FASHIONS IN FURS.

"... The materials of this particular model were duvetyn in a lovely shade of leaf-green, dull-black satin, and narrow bands of kolinsky fur. The quaint muff, which formed a jelly-bag point in front, was made of duvetyn and lined with black satin. This satin was corded at the ends and turned back in large gauntlet cuffs, bordered with fur.

"But it is impossible to speak of Paris, even in so fascinating a connection, without recollecting that France has put the whole strength of her manhood into the field. France has not and never

will tolerate the slacker. The French Government, from the earliest times, has treated the question of universal service in practical fashion. We call upon those ladies who read this column to make a determined effort this very day in favour of the Compulsory as against the Voluntary system.

"The straight tie, which was moderate in length, was lined with the same corded satin, and it was fastened where the ends crossed with a large steel buckle. It is refreshing to think that the designer of this very tie is now taking his part, as a matter of course, in the Homeric struggle that. . . ."

Police Report.

There are some people so degraded that they care for nothing in the paper but the police-report. You might suppose that they at least would not hear of Compulsory Service, but that shows how little you realise the ingenuity of the journalistic mind—

DARING JEWEL ROBBERY.

"Police-Constable Dove said that at 1.44 a.m. he heard a scuffle in the shop as he was walking past. He went to the door. The prisoner and another man dashed out. He caught the prisoner, and, despite a severe struggle, succeeded in holding him, but the other man disappeared.

"The Magistrate (to prisoner): 'Why are you not in khaki?'

The prisoner declined to answer, but we have no difficulty in answering for him. This is just one of the millions of eligible men waiting the mandate to join the colours. He was ready to go, probably eager to go, but he had not been ordered to do so. Many natures are so weak that nothing but a definite order will move them. In the meantime, what happens? He breaks into a jeweller's shop, is convicted, and sent to prison! Another splendid soldier lost to the Forces of his Majesty! If only we could get the country as a whole to realise the folly and the sin and the shame and the unspeakably crass idiocy of those in authority in not listening to the demands of this journal, we should be more than a step nearer to the final solution of the. . . ."

The London "Sketch" Club.

War or no war, the London Sketch Club, which includes among its members many of the men who help to cheer the soldiers and sailors by means of the pages of *The Sketch*, goes bravely on. Its ranks are diminished, for a large number of the younger artists have gone to the War, but the Friday sketching evenings, famous throughout Bohemia, have not been allowed to fall through.

The secretary has sent me a list of the subjects for two-hour sketches this season, and they make such fascinating reading that I shall venture to quote a few. You understand that the first of each couple is for the benefit of our humorous friends, and the second for the landscape artists—

"A Fine Opening" and "An October Evening."

"The Black Cloak" and "Sun on the Hills."

"Empty" and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind."

"The Yellow Stocking" and "Marshes."

"Ten to One" and "At Night."

"Un Bon Camarade" and "Blue and Amber."

Well, who would not be an artist? With such inspiring titles, who could help putting forth of his best? And then, note the official instructions for the evening of Dec. 17—

"Turkey Supper at 7.30. No work."

I've been to them and I know!

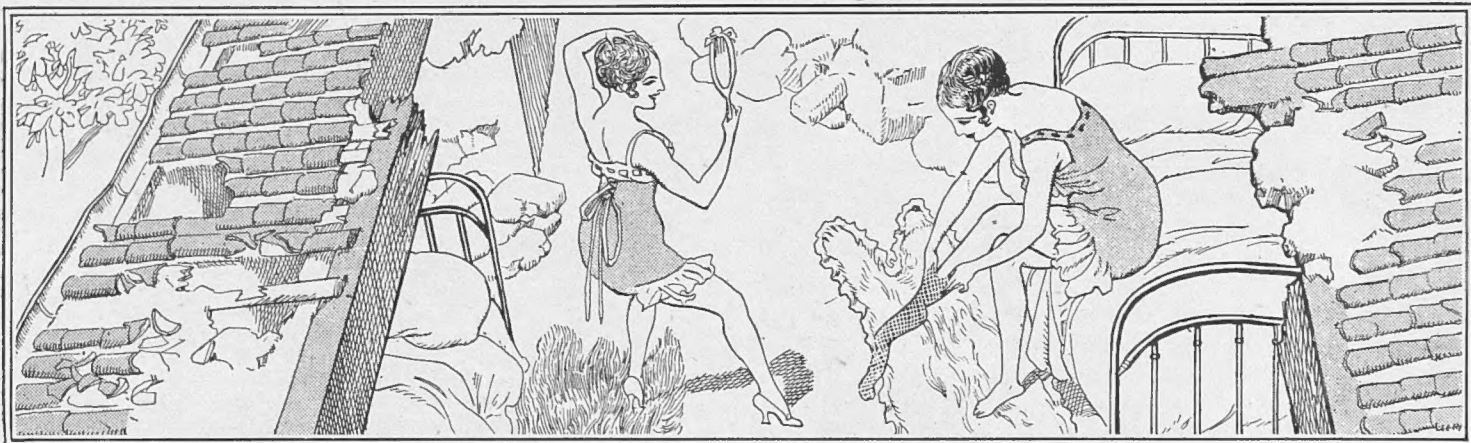
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: "LOOK! AN AEROPLANE!"



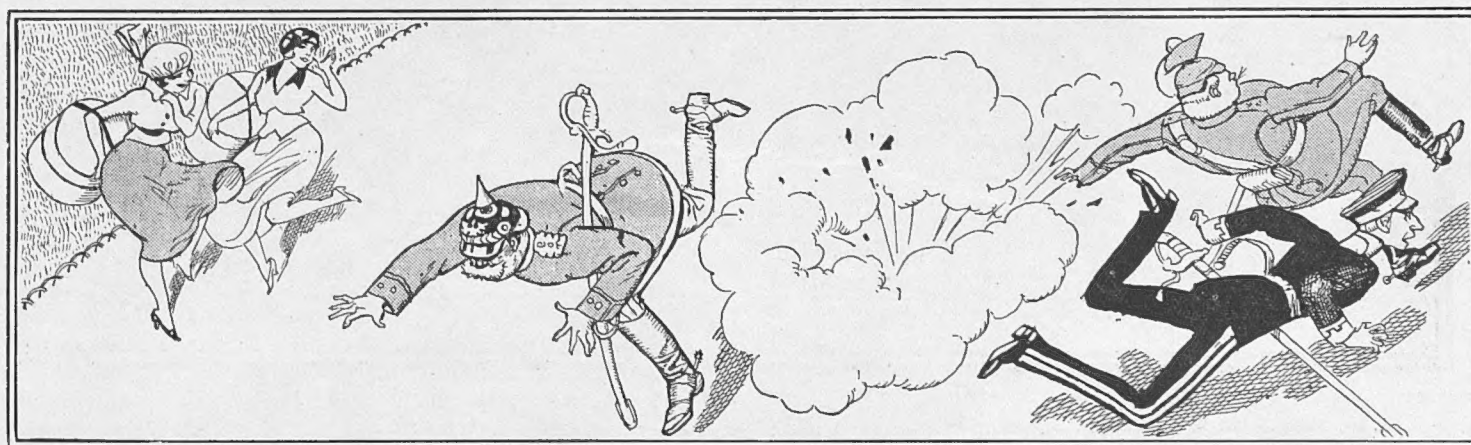
BY THE RIVER-BANK.



AT THE FARM.



IN A TOWN WRECKED BY BOMBARDMENT.



IN TERRITORY OCCUPIED BY THE KULTURISTS!

"FOUR HUNDRED" CHARLIE CHAPLINS.



FROLICS OF THE FOUR HUNDRED: THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN NIGHT.

As our Artist's caricatures of the "Bacchanalian Revel" of the Four Hundred Club, given in our last Number, were so highly appreciated by our readers, we instructed him to call again at that home of light-heartedness, and here is the

result. On this occasion the *motif* of the frolic was the ubiquitous Charlie Chaplin. In the competition for the best impersonation, the first prize was won by Mr. Dick Adams, the second by Miss Violet Loraine, and the booby prize by Mr. A. Hollander.

CARICATURED BY G. E. STUDDY.

WINSTON ASKING FOR TROUBLE? A CARICATURIST'S DREAM.



A WOULD-BE "GROSVENOR GALLERY YOUNG MAN" AND THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS, AND GRAVERS: AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW—BY EDMUND DULAC.



THE SUBJECTS OF THE CARICATURES AS THEY ARE: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (LEFT) AND MR. FRANCIS HOWARD, HON. SEC. OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS, AND GRAVERS.

The ex-First Lord of the Admiralty has become, like the Lord of Burleigh in the poem, just a simple landscape-painter. "A thrill of anticipation," said the *P.M.G.*, "has passed through the social, as well as the artistic world, in connection with Mr. Churchill's work as an artist." Until a few months ago he had never handled a brush, it is said, and now he has painted a dozen or more pictures of much merit. This new turn in his career came about quite suddenly. Happening to pass an artists' colour-shop one day, he went in on the spur of the moment and provided himself with materials. Returning to the country next day, he set to work and

produced a picture! It was expected that some of his canvases would be shown at the autumn exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, at the Grosvenor Gallery this month. Later, however, it was stated that Mr. Churchill had not accepted an informal invitation from the Society to exhibit there, although artists who had seen his work, including Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., thought very highly of it. The caricaturist suggests an imaginary version of the affair, which is, of course, purely a skit, founded on the not uncommon experiences of budding artists in general.



THE CLUBMAN

NO "CONVERSATION KENGE" TO-DAY: CUTLETS AND CANARDS: TELLERS OF DARK TALES.

Lost Arts.

The art of conversation has vanished. As our grandfathers and grandmothers understood it, conversation was the art of saying genial and agreeable and witty things on any subject. The present generation has never been able to spare time to converse. Conversation and letter-writing have disappeared from the land. We talk now, and clip our words, and invent slang so as to talk at the quickest possible rate, and we "drop" each other "a line," for the necessity for writing long and carefully considered letters crumbled when the penny post was instituted, and has gone on crumbling as distant country after distant country has come within the penny radius. The postcard did its share in bringing letter-writing to its death, and one of the shrewdest blows ever given to it was the postcard issued to the troops of the Expeditionary Forces with instructions to cross out all the unwanted lines on it. The time-honoured phrase, "Hoping this finds you well, as it leaves me at present"—a relic, I am sure, of the days of good Queen Anne, has now definitely faded from military correspondence.

Only One Subject.

And our talk is only of one subject. I can remember some of the old conversationalists, gentlemen who commanded the attention of the whole table at a dinner-party, who told anecdotes of Pitt and Fox and Warren Hastings with the soup, had, when we reached the entrées, known all the stars of the opera and ballet, and whose stories of what Thérèse said to the Grand Duke who paid her a visit in her dressing-room, due with the dessert, was always taken as the cue for the hostess to give the signal for the ladies to go to the drawing-room. Such a master of ornate conversation touched, during the duration of a ten-course dinner, on politics, travel, the opera, the theatre, racing, all the arts, and all the scandals, was able to give personal impressions of all the Courts of Europe, and could quote poetry from Byron to the versifiers of Charles the Second's days—these quotations came with the second round of the port. But in the present Year of Grace not a soul at a dinner-table would spare half an ear to listen to anecdotes of Grisi or Lord Aberdeen. There is only one subject on which to talk, and that is the War.

A Thrill with Each Course.

The conversationalist of the Victorian era always mentally arranged the order of his subjects as he dressed for dinner, pausing in buttoning the coral buttons of his waistcoat, or in tying a voluminous white cravat, to look up an anecdote concerning a fossil celebrity. The talker of to-day, if he is to make himself heard above the strident voices of the people at any dining-table, must have ready a startling series of new war sensations, a thrill with each course. He must,

of course, be ready to face the penalties of the Defence of the Realm Act, for to be sensational is the first requisite, to be veracious is quite a minor consideration; and no man—or woman, for that matter—has yet been prosecuted for spreading false news at the dinner-table.

Favourite Fables.

The fable of the moment most in favour takes the form of authentic details concerning the bringing-down of Zeppelins in various parts of England. One story that ran like lightning round town a week ago dealt with an entirely imaginary incident in the destruction of two Zeppelins by our aviators just off one of our sea-ports. The number of our aviators who were supposed to have lost their lives in accomplishing this feat was always given and always differed with each narrator. These destroyed Zeps. had not quite such a successful career as had the Russians in England and the Prisoner in the Tower; but as an opening gambit they took the place the opera and the R.A. hold in peace time.

Pessimists All.

The talker at the table must be a pessimist to be a success. The hopeful, ordinary man who believes that we are muddling through all right has no chance against the teller of dark tales, who knows why every successful General is on the brink of recall, who has terrible tales of casualty lists that the world will never see, who invents quarrels between the Allied Generalissimos, and tells of

tremendous scenes of carnage that history will not record. Unless a man at dinner has so petrified his beautiful neighbour with horror that she can hardly hold her ice-spoon, he has not been a success as a talker, and might just as well have told her which pictures he admires in one of the galleries, or what was Sir Henry Wood's programme at last Sunday's Queen's Hall concert.

In the Chamber of Horrors.

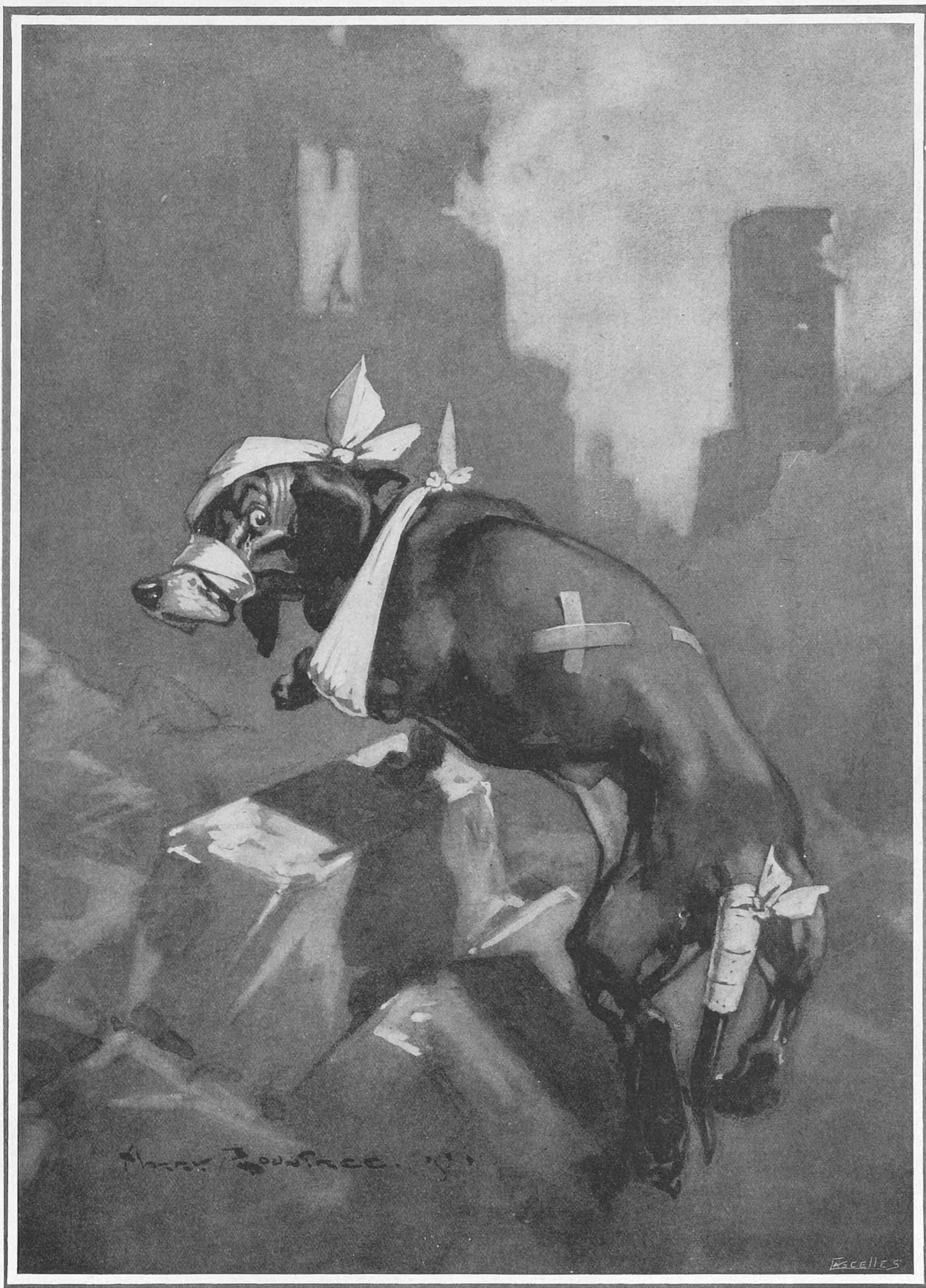
Even the theatre, that most fruitful subject of conversation in peace time, hardly supplies food for five minutes' conversation nowadays, and discussion as to the merits of "Mavourneen" or "The Big Drum" soon leads to the question whether it is wiser to sit quiet in the stalls or to go home from the theatre on Zeppelin nights. Racing seems only to be talked now by the Newmarket set, and gastronomy, except with reference to sending tuck-boxes and game to men at the front, is right out of court. I suppose we shall all talk about the Court and Society, theatres, racing, and yachting when the war is over; but it will seem like going into the upstairs rooms at Mme. Tussaud's amongst the Kings and Queens after first spending half-an-hour in the Chamber of Horrors.



THE CHRISTENING OF MISS GLADYS COOPER'S SECOND CHILD: BABY, FATHER, MOTHER, SISTER, AND GOD-PARENTS.

That popular young actress Miss Gladys Cooper, who is Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster, has now two children—Joan, and a little boy who was christened the other day, at St. George's, Hanover Square, John Rodney North. The god-parents were Admiral Sir Frederick Fisher, Admiral Mark Kerr, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald McKenna. Mr. Buckmaster is the second figure on the left in the photograph; then come Admiral Sir Frederick Fisher, Miss Cooper, Admiral Mark Kerr, Miss Joan Buckmaster, the Nurse and Baby, Mrs. Gerald McKenna, and Mr. Gerald McKenna.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.]

THE UP-RAIDER.



THE LONDON DACHSHUND: Strafe those Zeppelins!—and it's taken me six months to become a naturalised bulldog!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



SMALL TALK



TO MARRY MISS FLORENCE MAUD HEAP: LIEUTENANT W. B. N. RODERICK.

Lieutenant W. B. N. Roderick is in the Coldstream Guards, and is the second son of the late Colonel W. Buckley-Roderick, and Mrs. Buckley-Roderick, of Burry Port, South Wales. Miss Florence Maud Heap is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Heap, of Birkenhead. The wedding is arranged to take place on Nov. 11.

MISS Violet Asquith's departure for Biarritz is expected to complete a cure. Just before going abroad, Miss Asquith was the guest of Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll in Surrey, and her readiness to cross to France last week was the best possible sign of recovery. Her illness has been long and trying, but she picked up wonderfully among the Jekyll roses in one of the prettiest of gardens; and more roses await her at Biarritz.

Of Gardens. Only the other day the Jekyll gardens were again inspected by Mr. Lutyens, the only man (we say nothing of Miss Jekyll) who has successfully set aside the old Oxford gardener's recipe for the

making of a good lawn. "You take a lawn," said the antique sage of the college green to an American inquirer, "and cut it and roll it for three hundred years. 'Tis the only way." Mr. Lutyens, who never builds a country house without giving it old paved walks and stone pools—and, we had almost said, an ancient orchard—is a regular wizard in the matter of lawns. Mossy grass, it is claimed, springs up between his courtyard flags in the course of a single night; and not even the prejudices of the most professional mower prevail against the little daisies that seem always to sprinkle Mr. Lutyens' green spaces a month after the builders have removed their wheelbarrows and mortar.

his outburst on our behalf suggests that he would go to greater lengths than letter-writing if it were in his power to do so. His is a family of action. Forty-five years ago the bearer of his title was one of the candidates for the Spanish throne. The other was Don Enrique de Bourbon. Don Enrique's remarks about his rival were resented, and a challenge to mortal combat followed. At the third shot Don Enrique fell.

A New York Episode. The present Duke's closest contact with a bullet was due to no fault of his own, unless a walk out at night in New York is to ask for trouble. Being a visitor in that well-ordered city, he decided to



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT W. B. N. RODERICK: MISS FLORENCE MAUD HEAP.

Miss Heap is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Heap, of Birkenhead. Lieutenant Roderick is second son of the late Colonel W. Buckley-Roderick and Mrs. Buckley-Roderick, of Burry Port, South Wales, and is in the Coldstream Guards

her cousin Olivia Wyndham, and by the bridegroom's sister and cousin, Evia and Joyce Wigan, looked charming in white and silver, and a veil of famous lace lent her by her aunt the Countess Grosvenor. Clouds is a great and agreeable house, surrounded by tall trees and abundance of bird life; its library is well stocked with fine editions, and in all things the place may be accounted pleasant. The one only drawback is the brevity of war-time honeymoons! Clouds is lent to Captain Wigan and his bride by Colonel and Mrs. Guy Wyndham. It is a good sign of the times that even the "quietest" of war-time weddings, though it may lack some of the parade of other days, is never permitted to lapse into dulness.



SOLDIER-SONS OF AN M.P.: SONS OF THE MEMBER FOR GRIMSBY.

The Unionist Member for Grimsby, Mr. Thomas George Tickler, J.P., M.P., has eight sons, five of whom are serving with his Majesty's Forces. Those shown in our photograph are (standing): Second Lieutenant W. M. Tickler and Second Lieutenant A. Tickler, both in the Cheshire Regiment; (sitting): Lieutenant P. E. Tickler and Lieutenant W. H. Tickler, both in the Northumberland Fusiliers. The fifth soldier-son, whose portrait does not appear in the group, is serving with the Australian Expeditionary Force.

Photograph by F. C. Vinall.

A Tennant Outing. Lord Glenconner has been helping his brother and a few friends to bag the birds in the Edington coverts. The occasion might almost be described as a shooting-party, if the term were not so hopelessly out of fashion. Shooting, however, still goes on, whatever they like to call it, and will go on while birds and elderly guns continue to provide the sporting combination. Mr. H. J. Tennant leases the Edington shoot from Lord Tweedmouth.

The Duke's Letter. The Duke of Montpensier has not minced words in his letter, dated from London, to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The Duke is a much-travelled man, with a preference for England above other countries. The fierceness of

explore it by moonlight. Turning a corner, he saw a dark figure run from one doorway to another; other figures were moving in the shadows. Then the report of a revolver—and another, and another. A man dropped dead upon the pavement; then silence. It was a fight that had nothing to do with the Duke; he stepped into the middle of it by chance, and it went on regardless of his presence. So much for one impression left upon the mind of the fiery Latin nobleman by that sky-scraping centre of Anglo-Saxon civilisation!

At Clouds. After the prettiest wedding imaginable, in a quiet way, Captain and Mrs. Wigan left for Clouds, Salisbury. The bride, who was attended by her sisters Pamela, Lettice, and Helena Adeane, by



TO MARRY MISS GEORGINA ST. JOHN MURPHY: CAPTAIN THE HON. T. G. B. MORGAN-GRENVILLE. Captain Thomas George Breadalbane Morgan-Grenville is the second surviving son of the Baroness Kinloss, of Stowe, Buckingham, and is in the Rifle Brigade. Miss Georgina St. John Murphy is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Murphy, of Tivoli House, Cork.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT RUPERT CARINGTON: THE HON. SYBIL COLVILLE.

The Hon. Sybil Marion Colville is the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Colville of Culross, and is eighteen. Lieutenant Rupert Victor John Carington is in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and is the son of Colonel the Hon. Rupert Carington, C.V.O., D.S.O., brother of the Marquess of Lincolnshire.—[Photograph by Olga Baswits.]

WEDDING DAYS AND "OUR DAY": MARRIAGES, COLLECTIONS.

THE GERARD-CLARKE
WEDDING: PRESENTING
WHITE HEATHER.



Lieutenant Charles Gerard, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Aimée Clarke were married at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street.



THE WYNDHAM-QUIN-SWIRE WEDDING: THE BRIDE
AND BRIDEGROOM.

The wedding of Captain Richard Wyndham-Quin, 12th Lancers, eldest son of Colonel and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, and Miss Helen Swire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Swire, of 47, Queen's Gate, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 20th. The bride and bridegroom left for Dunraven Castle, Glamorgan.—Lieutenant Charles Gerard is the only son of the Hon. Robert Gerard. His bride is a daughter of Sir Rupert Clarke, Bt.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. T. G. B. MORGAN-
GRENVILLE: MISS GEORGINA ST. JOHN MURPHY.



HELPERS ON "OUR DAY" AT THE BERKELEY HOTEL: THE HON. MRS. EUSTACE
FITZGERALD, MRS. STUDLEIGH, MRS. TALBOT WATSON, AND MRS. CHARLES PAULET.

Miss Georgina St. John Murphy, whose engagement to Captain the Hon. T. G. B. Morgan-Grenville, of the Rifle Brigade, was recently announced, is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert St. John Murphy, of Tivoli House, Cork. Captain Morgan-Grenville is a son of the late Major L. F. Morgan-Grenville and the Baroness Kinloss, of Stowe, Buckinghamshire.—The collection on "Our Day" (which was also Trafalgar Day) for the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of

Jerusalem was most successful, eclipsing the results of all previous flag-days. Besides the collections in the streets, there were parties of ladies at many of the big hotels selling not only flags, but flowers and fruit, and they did great business. One lady at the entrance of the Berkeley Hotel received a £5 note and a £1 note, and her lifeboat collecting-box soon became heavy with silver. The collectors worked hard, and many were on duty for ten hours.

Photographs by Alfieri, Illustrations Bureau, Rita Martin and Topical,



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S.

THE Hon. Eric Drummond, Sir Edward Grey's new private secretary, married the Duchess of Norfolk's sister ten years ago; he is the presumptive of the Earl of Perth, and related to Mr. Lister Drummond, the popular London magistrate. Quite lately he was one of Mr. Asquith's own right-hand men, and with Sir Edward's methods and requirements he became thoroughly familiar during a period of four years of précis-writing for the Foreign Office chief. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond live in Manchester Square, one minute from Spanish Place and their Sunday Mass.



TO MARRY SECOND LIEUTENANT LANCELOT F. O. S. HONEY: MISS HILDA BENSON (VIDA) MANLEY.

Miss Manley is the youngest daughter of the Rev. A. L. and Mrs. Manley, of Startforth Vicarage, Yorkshire. Mr. Lancelot Honey is in the Leicestershire Regiment, and is the younger son of the late Mr. Frederick Honey, and Mrs. Honey, of Blackheath.

Photograph by Swaine.

Mr. Cecil Dormer. Only a short while back Mr. Dormer's marriage with Lady Clare Feilding brought several members of "the Feilding commando" back for a brief respite from France. Lady Dorothea, "as brave as her brave brother," attended the ceremony, and Viscount Feilding was also present. "The 'Bodysnatcher' we call her," says one writer of Lady Dorothea, "for she rescues men otherwise left for dead in the danger-zone." Lady Clare is named after an aunt whose comparatively early death robbed England of a memorable and peculiarly charming personality.

The Montagu-Square Baby.

Lady Dorothy Henley is the happy mother of a daughter, born last week in Montagu Square. The wife of the Hon. F. R. Henley, whom she married a couple of years ago, she is the daughter of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, and spent some of her childhood in the best of all London's red-brick houses—in Palace Green. Her sister, Lady Mary, married Professor Gilbert Murray, whose interests for the time being are divided between Euripides and a son in the Naval Air Service.

A V.C. Difficulty. A Colonel lately recommended this chauffeur for a V.C. "Details, please," said the officials, to which the Colonel answered briefly, "he's been everywhere that I've been." So ends the anecdote; we are not told if either, or both, were decorated. But the lesson, obviously, is that a highly placed soldier has a very poor chance of being directly recommended for the coveted distinction.

Battlefield Rarities. It is a rule among home-coming officers to speak of the difficulty of acquiring war-trophies. The younger the officer the emptier his hands when he returns to his expectant relatives! Senior officers, it is rumoured, are better able to smuggle home a German rifle or an Iron Cross, but even they are generally



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT W. H. BRIERLEY: MISS D. WILLOUGHBY.

Miss Willoughby is the daughter of Mrs. R. Willoughby, of Heatherlea, High Wycombe, Bucks. Lieutenant Brierley is in the Royal Field Artillery, and has been invalided home from the front, suffering from the effects of gas-poisoning.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Tennysonian Line.

Mr. Drummond's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, is to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter. The new infant is the great-grand-daughter of the poet, and the grand-daughter of Lionel; her father's mother was, *en secondes nocces*, the late Mrs. Augustine Birrell.

Lady Clare Dormer. Another Foreign Office newcomer (since the departure of

Sir William Tyrrell) is



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT CLAUD RONALD ANSON: MISS FREDERICA HARRISON.

Miss Harrison is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Frederic James Harrison, of Maer Hill, Co. Stafford; Hare Appltree, Quernmore, Co. Lancaster; and Wallasey, Cheshire; and of Mrs. Harrison. Lieutenant Anson is the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Anson, M.V.O., Royal Artillery, brother of the Earl of Lichfield, and Mrs. Anson, and is in the Royal Field Artillery.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

made to feel like smugglers in the process. It is surely a pity if such people as the Countess of Sefton (to take a case at random), who have banners captured during the Wars of the Roses and arrows from Agincourt among their family treasures, may not bring their collections down to date. Lord Sefton, by the way, was recently gazetted temporary Lieutenant-Colonel in the Lancashire Hussars. He is a great horseman; let us hope he may pick up at least a horse-shoe for the glass cases at Croxteth Hall.

All Sorts of Sorters.

Though Lady Sophie Scott and Lady Mary Ward are pleased to work all day and every day as packers in a basement in Pall Mall, it is questionable if many of the smart "unemployed" jump at the notion of joining the sorting department of the General Post Office for the Christmas rush. Those two ladies in Pall Mall are doing work that is worth while: they classify and pack all kinds of hospital stores. But the job now thrown open at the Post Office is less exhilarating.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GORDON RAMSAY TWEED KENNEDY: MISS IRENE GRACE HASLER HELBY.

Miss Helby is the daughter of Commander E. C. H. Helby, R.N., of Alverstoke, Hants. Captain Kennedy is the eldest son of Colonel C. H. Kennedy, C.B., R.M.L.I., and is in the Royal Scots Fusiliers.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

When the war broke out Peers, Peeresses, Members of Parliament, and various ornamental persons whose offers cannot in politeness be entirely ignored volunteered to help in any capacity (but without skill) that the Government thought fit. Those who have not been found other work have now received an invitation to the G.P.O.

As Dense as Ever.

Panic, we know, is no longer in the counting as one of the risks to which war-time audiences are liable, and theatre-goers, apparently, have decided to pay no attention to the off-chance of an incendiary or explosive bomb. Lady Masserene and Ferrard, wearing her long shell-like pearl ear-rings, has been going to the Shaftesbury for English opera; so, too, have Lady Cunard, Mrs. Cecil Bingham, Sir John and Lady Lister Kaye, and many more; and Lord Lonsdale, who knows almost as much about dancing as he does about boxing, conducted Miss Lydia Kyasht to her seat in the stalls of the Palace the other day through a crowd as dense as ever—in numbers and to the sense of danger.

Another Ian.

A public in the act of naming its suburban terraces, villas, and babies after a British General in the field may be somewhat abashed to read of his sudden supersession; but at any rate one little Ian, christened last week, got his name on the perfectly secure basis of permanent friendship. This is Ian Parsons, grandson of Sir Herbert Tree. The Hon. Francis McLaren stood proxy for the absent soldier, and Mrs. Asquith and Lady Diana Manners were also at the font-side. The reappearance of Lady Diana was an event of interest; but the baby, too, was admired. The small Ian is the brother of a

slightly older infant as famous for its beauty as for the splendour of its "setting." It has a cot such as Sir Herbert himself would choose to lie in if he were ever cast to play the part of a Herod—or a Solomon—in infancy.

A GRENADIER GUARD'S WEDDING: THE BRIDE.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MRS. CHARLES GERARD (FORMERLY MISS AIMÉE CLARKE).

The wedding took place on Oct. 19 of Miss Aimée Clarke, second daughter of the Hon. Sir Rupert Clarke, Bt., and Lieutenant Charles Gerard, of the Grenadier Guards, only son of the Hon. Robert Gerard (now the Hon. Robert Gerard-Dicconson), of Wrightington Hall, near Wigan, and cousin of Lord Gerard. The Rev. A. FitzGerald, chaplain to the Gerard family, officiated at the ceremony, which took place in the

Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, Regent Street. Sir Rupert Clarke is the second Baronet, and is interested in pastoral pursuits in Victoria, in which Colony he was for some time a Member of the Legislative Council. In 1896, the Hon. Robert Joseph Gerard assumed the additional surname and arms of Dicconson by Royal License.—[Photograph by L'Estrange.]



SIR CHARLES AND LADY MONRO.

THE new Commander-in-Chief in Gallipoli went to France in the first month of the war. He was then merely a Territorial officer, in command of a division of the L.T.F. Having been in the Regular Army from the age of nineteen, he began, three years ago, to take an active interest in the training and development of our great irregulars. A typical Army man, with no interests worth mentioning outside soldiering, his Territorial command guaranteed to him a long continuance of military work. He took over his Division and married a wife in the same year; and we can almost picture him growing old in the work he had set himself. But the war caught him at the prime, and has not allowed him to remain in the worthy obscurity of musketry-schools, rifle-ranges, and "penny fights at Aldershot it."

"Words Fail, Just before
but—" Mons and
Charleroi he
was given command of a
Regular Division. In the re-
treat of the Marne and the
Battle of the Aisne he re-
vived and developed the
fighting quality he had dis-
played at Paardeburg and
Driefontein. He had been
mentioned in despatches then
from South Africa; he was
mentioned in the more mo-
mentous despatches from
Flanders. "Words fail me,"
wrote Sir John French of his
Generals, "to express the
admiration I feel for their
conduct." But even if words
failed, we at home gathered
that we possessed in Sir
Charles a first-class fighting
man. After the Aisne he was
made a K.C.B. and put in
command of an Army Corps.
To his great gratification, he
found that his own old Divi-
sion of Territorials were in-
cluded in that corps.

The Fighting Type. Like his
predecessor
in Gallipoli,
Sir Charles is a Scot. In this
he conforms to a very pre-
valent fashion among our
Army leaders—a fashion of
which Sir Douglas Haig and
Sir David Henderson are
other notable exponents. Out-
wardly, Sir Charles is more
obviously the soldier-man than
Sir Ian. Even in uniform,
Sir Ian looks something more
than a soldier; even out of
uniform, Sir Charles looks
something more than a
civilian. His head, like Sir
John French's and General
Allenby's, is strong, apart altogether from the driving power
of the man's brains. With him, as with his late Chief in
France, we feel that the firmness of the jaw means firmness
of decision and leadership. The steadiness of the muscles of
the face suggests a steadiness of the mind against the shocks of
battle. It is perilous to make rules about facial angles: General
Wolff the weak-chinned, and Nelson of gentle countenance, gave
a slap in the face to the theory of a bulldog breed. But, for
all that, the rocky countenance gives us confidence; we like to
know that our leader in Gallipoli is hard and confident and
martial to the finger-tips.

Sword and Lancet. The nerves of the Monros have been steeled
on the battlefield and in the operating-room. Three generations of his family held the Edinburgh Chair of Anatomy
and Surgery in succession, and a Monro attended the wounded after
the Jacobite victory of Prestonpans. He, indeed, was a pioneer
of the Red Cross. The father of the first of the professors was an
army surgeon in the reign of William III., and probably did duty
in Flanders. Let the surgeons of to-day, who work with anæsthetics
in the cleanly light of Lister's teaching, ponder the appalling task
of the Monros of those days, and be happy in the triumphs of modern
science. Sir Charles is a great-grandson of the Alexander Monro
who, of all the clan, gained most renown in surgery, and who
established the family at Craig-
lockhart in 1780. Sir Charles
had seen some fighting before
the South African War, having
served, in 1897-8, with the
Malakand Field Force and
Tirah Expedition. He first
joined the Army in 1879. In
1899 he became Deputy-As-
sistant Adjutant-General at
Aldershot. From 1901-3 he was
Chief Instructor and Staff
Officer at the School of Mus-
ketry, and then Commandant
of it for the next four years.
From 1907-10 he commanded
the 13th Infantry Brigade and
troops in Dublin, and in 1912
was placed in command of
the 2nd London Division of
the Territorial Army.



THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE:
GENERAL SIR C. C. MONRO; WITH LADY MONRO.

General Sir Charles Carmichael Monro entered the Service in 1879, and served with distinction
in the Mohmand and Tirah Expeditions, and during the South African War served on the
Staff. He has held a number of Staff appointments, both at home and abroad. He was
mentioned in despatches last October, and in February was created K.C.B. Lady Monro was,
before her marriage in 1912, the Hon. Mary Caroline Towneley-O'Hagan, daughter of the first
Baron O'Hagan, and is sister of the present holder of the title.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Lady Monro. Three years
ago Sir
Charles married Miss Mary
O'Hagan. A sister of Lord
O'Hagan, Lady Monro lost her
elder brother, the late Peer, in
the South African War. The
name of her mother, the
Dowager Lady O'Hagan, is
familiar in many connections.
Only shortly before the war
we heard of her as the Chair-
woman of the first meetings
of the first Women's Aerial
League. That was typical of
many enterprises. Before her
marriage, Lady O'Hagan was
Miss Towneley, of Towneley,
a pretty girl who became, as
the wife of the first Roman
Catholic Lord Chancellor of
Ireland, one of the leaders of
Catholic society.

Pyrgo and London. The marriage of
Lady Monro's
sister to Mr.

de Beaumont-Klein marked a
sudden change in the religious
feelings of all the O'Hagans.
The Petres, the Howards, the

Herberts, and the Vaughans were no longer the chief familiars
of their circle; but in politics the present Peer (until a split with
the Government over its House of Lords policy) maintained the
family tradition of Liberalism. That split meant Lord O'Hagan's
resignation from the Ministerial office of Lord-in-Waiting, but
gave him more leisure for his admirable efforts as a landlord
round and about Pyrgo Park, where, for himself, he has built a
picture-gallery, and for his poorer neighbours the most model
of model cottages. Lady Monro lived, before her marriage, at
Pyrgo and in Belgravia; and since her marriage has become more
and more of a Londoner.

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MANNERS GIRLS—AND CHILDREN.



1. WITH HER SONS: LADY ELCHO, WIFE OF THE ELDEST SON OF THE EARL OF WEMYSS, WHO IS GOING TO EGYPT TO VISIT HER HUSBAND (OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY).

2. PLAYING AT SOLDIERS—WITH RED INDIANS! THE HON. FRANCIS DAVID CHARTERIS AND THE HON. MARTIN MICHAEL CHARLES CHARTERIS, CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY ELCHO.

Lady Elcho, who is going to Egypt to visit her husband, was, before her marriage to the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, Lady Violet Manners, and she is the second of the three beautiful daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Her wedding took

place in 1911, and her two little sons are the Hon. Francis David Charteris, born in 1912; and the Hon. Martin Michael Charles Charteris, born in the following year. Lord Elcho is a Lieutenant in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, and a barrister of the Inner Temple.

Photographs by Speaight.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS

TO LONELY SOLDIERS



DARK AND BRIGHT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

IF you were to see me now, as I am writing you, sitting contentedly with heels aiming at the mantelpiece in front of a very red fire (*tiens, parbleu!* it's p'rhaps just as well you can't see me!) you'd never guess that a few yards made all the difference between the being or not being of Phrynette. By yards, I don't mean stony squares with pigeons and telegraph-boys; I mean yards, metres, you know. Well, a few yards nearer, a little bomb, a little burst, and little bits about—and lo! your friend Phrynette had flown! That's the second escape, *mais oui*. Now for the third! Don't be anxious for me (perhaps I flatter myself!)—I like being thrilled. Nothing obliges me to perch in the "Eastern county," as the paper says. The chrysanthemums in my cottage garden are shaking their dishevelled heads for me to come and pat them, and safety smiles at the porch; but safety is all very well in time of peace. In war-while you want to be as near peril as possible—it's like being nearer you, somehow. Germaine says it sounds as if you were the peril, but *vous comprenez s'pas?*

That evening, the Zep. night, we had just finished dinner—Germaine the Imp, the sick-leave third, and I—when the ceiling began to purr. "Puss or the sewing-machine?" said the sick-leave third. But as our cat can't purr like a whale or an elephant, and as the sewing-machine is on strike since vinegar in mistake for oil was poured in its little inside, that bizarre buzzing could only be the porter snoozing on the stairs or else a Zep. peeping into our chimney. Before we had quite made up our minds which, the bombs began. Still, they won't rush me to rusticating. London is too lovely just now. To take an aperitive walk before dinner in the Park at seven o'clock is to move in a mystical mist of blue beauty, something like "Londonian Nights," illustrated by Edmund Dulac. In Bond Street, after five, you recognise your friends by the voice, so to speak—and then sometimes too late! They have also heard what you were saying—many friendships finish thusly.

But darkness has its charms—it rests the eyes and exercises the mind. It allows you to imagine that every woman is pretty and that every man has a manly face.

Some Londoners are more law-abiding than others in the matter of lights. I smiled at this in *London Opinion*, and perhaps you may smile at it too—

Mary had a little lamp;
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time a fellow called
The little lamp went out.

Mary would tell you that the "fellow" was a special constable rigorous on regulations.

There is no doubt that we are veering towards virtue. The hearth-rug is coming into its own again. It is quite fresh: it had been so little worn of late years! And if you see a smile on the face of the tiger-skin, you'll know that's because the lady is inside. I have actually heard of several women who are at home as often as twice a week to their own people—yes, husband and children!

You have probably followed the discussion as to *matinée* versus evening performances in the papers. Well, during your next leave you need not fear being dragged to the two o'clock tribu-

lations of the *matinée* as soon as you have finished your coffee. You won't have to sit between Aunt Barbara and the twins, and explain the jokes to them. Nights are still on—you are glad, aren't you? I was. What is there in a first night that never loses its zest, and what is there that is tame about a *matinée*?

With the new-found home, all sorts of quaint old habits are being revived—bridge, and reading, and talking. Those who can't read are learning, and those who are particularly inarticulate are being talked to. I would not be surprised if we were to have a revival of the art of conversation after the war—well, why not? Are not the pantallettes peeping out again? I have not seen them, except on the stage; and then it is said Mrs. Longworth, ex-President's Roosevelt's daughter, has been wearing a pair—or several pairs, perhaps, but you could only see one. I'll let you know in time to save you the shock—oh, ankle-oglers! So it may be that 1916 will see the reign of the subtle-tongued and the thick-ankled damsel.

If the news be true, let us comfort ourselves with the thought that those pantallettes won't be trimmed with crochet-lace—nobody crochets now, with munition-making; and they won't be carried out (perhaps "carried out" is not the proper term) in that horrid

linen stuff grand'ma's undies were made of. If they catch on at all, 'twon't be as an *Exposition de Blanc*, but as two little timid tubes of some such stuff as the dress, not fighting in the least with the strait-laced boots below.

And, speaking of pantallettes, there seems to be a sort of half-regretful glance towards the past just now. Perhaps it is not so very astonishing, after all. We have had of late several plays in crinoline; and now "Romance," with the extraordinarily clever Doris Keane in circumferences of swishing silks rustling like autumn leaves. And the new *revue* at the Alhambra jumps back further still, merely and to begin with—to the *Paradise lost*, but ever found again! It's curiously called, "Now's the Time"—but then, as Shakespeare said, "Titles—tut, tut!" or something like that.

WHITEN · YOUR · OWN · KERB ·



SCENE · OUTSIDE · THE · JOCUND · THEATRE ·



SCENE · SOMEWHERE · IN · CHELSEA ·

IN THE DAYS OF THE ZEPPELIN DARKNESS.

DRAWN BY C. E. PETO.

BRIDGE AND THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS: CHARITY CARDS.



AT A CHARITY BRIDGE TOURNAMENT: MISS ETHEL LEVEY RECEIVED BY MURIEL LADY HELMSLEY, THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL (IN CENTRE OF GROUP, WEARING VEIL) AND MRS. HENRY STURGIS (ON THE RIGHT).



"BRIDGING" THE GULF BETWEEN RICH AND POOR: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX (SIDE VIEW ON THE RIGHT), MRS. J. J. ASTOR (BACK TO CAMERA), AND LADY RIDLEY (FACING CAMERA) PLAYING.



THE BRIDGE TOURNAMENT IN AID OF NATIONAL MILK HOSTELS: THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT (STANDING IN THE CENTRE) AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (SEATED ON LEFT).

As mentioned under the full-page portrait of her given in our Issue of October 13, the Countess of Clonmell recently organised a Bridge Tournament in aid of the National Milk Hostels movement, the object of which is to supply fresh milk to the very poor. The tournament, for which tickets were sold at two guineas each, took place at 25, Park Lane, lent for the purpose by Sir Philip Sassoon, and, needless to say, was a great success.



ORGANISER AND SUPPORTERS OF THE CHARITY BRIDGE TOURNAMENT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY CLONMELL, MURIEL LADY HELMSLEY, AND MRS. STURGIS (NEXT RAILINGS).

Our photographs were taken during the proceedings. Among those who took part in the tournament was Miss Ethel Levey, the well-known actress, who is now in "Watch Your Step," at the Empire. Muriel Lady Helmsley is a sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury. She married, first, the late Viscount Helmsley, eldest son of the Earl of Feversham, and secondly, the late Mr. Hugh Owen.—[Photographs by Topical.]




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 anston Street, W.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Everybody's task nowadays is to try and keep expenditure normal with price above the normal.

It is a rare and refreshing experience to find an article of food which has not increased in price since the outbreak of War.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese are still sold at the old price of 6½d. each, and the greatly increased demand proves its value in these hard times.

The price, however, is not the only advantage, as St. Ivel Lactic Cheese replaces expensive foods such as meat or fish, and is much more nourishing.

Eat plenty of it—your food will cost less, and your health will benefit. This is wise economy.

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LAW !



PHYLLIS: Do you know, Mother, Moses used to have indigestion just like you do!

MOTHER: Why, dear, whatever makes you think that?

PHYLLIS: Why, 'cos in our Bible lesson to-day Miss Smith said, "God gave Moses two tablets."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Toujours la Politesse.

The French never do anything by halves. Not for nothing have they been called the most gallant race in the world. Long ago, when the motor-car first became an indisputable fact of life, the Academy met and gravely discussed the gender of the word automobile. Was it to be masculine or feminine? The form of the word rather suggested the latter alternative. But the argument of one member was unanswerable. "The motor-car," he said, "is not lovely. It snorts. It smells. We cannot insult divine woman by making a thing of that kind feminine." He finished amidst applause. "Automobile" was unanimously decreed to be masculine. The decision was appropriate at the time, as anyone will admit who remembers the first motor-cars, which were simply a kind of wagonette with a very jerky and indecorously exposed engine attached.



"The 'bull-nosed' bonnet is an instance of the last word in Napier 'bonnetry.'"

the woman in the car became as much an accepted fact as the car itself, and from the moment that women seriously took up motoring, elegance and luxury became naturally an essential part of a car's "make up." The snorting, evil-smelling, bumpy vehicle—the bugbear of all who travelled by road, the subject of hampering speed-restrictions—developed into that sumptuous, noiseless, smooth-running, and wholly comfortable affair, the car of to-day, which the modern "chauffeuse" handles with as much skill and sangfroid as does her masculine prototype.

Motor Modes.

Where women led, fashion soon followed. The horses who shied at the earliest cars were frightened as much by the nightmare dress of the occupants as by the cars themselves. But La Mode soon changed all that. The early pioneers "so wild in their attire" were displaced by smartly dressed women whose clothes reflected the fashion of the time. To-day the modish frock is the necessary accompaniment of the fashionable car with its luxurious upholstery, cunningly placed electric lights, silken curtains, foot-warmers, and all other aids to that comfort which is popularly supposed to constitute a woman's idea of bliss.

Modes in Motors.

But there are fashions in motors as well as motor fashions, and the capricious dame's decrees are as inscrutable and despotic in the one as the other. A couple of years ago the really "nutty" car was a two-colour affair, boasting, it might be, a green body with yellow wheels. To own a car of this description to-day is to commit the gravest automobile solecism, and to argue oneself an ignoramus in car-colour etiquette.

Perfect harmony between the body and the wheels is now demanded by fashion; subdued tones are for the time being in favour, and the car of to-morrow, the modish model of 1916, will be Dreadnought-grey. Then there is the matter of upholstery, between which and the car there is, of course, the closest connection. Woollen French cords had it all their own way until recently, but their day is done. For the present at least, leather is largely replacing stuff, and, following the fashion in frocks, the most favoured shade is a deep mulberry colour.



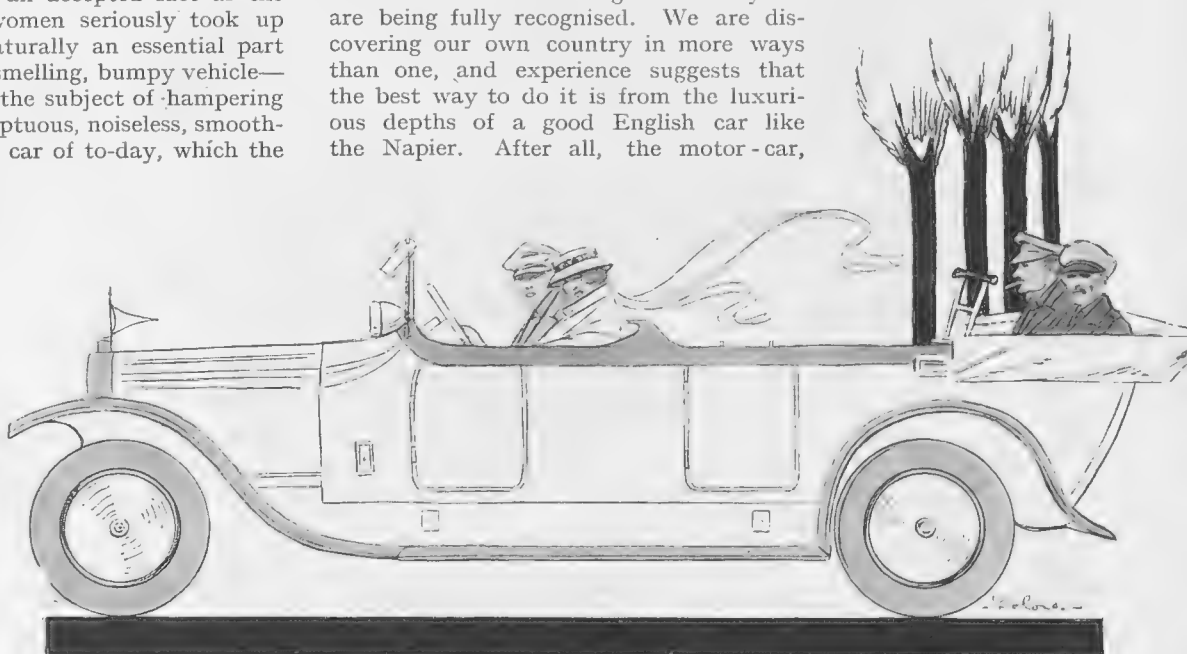
"We are discovering our own country in more ways than one, and experience suggests that the best way to do it is from the luxurious depths of a good English car."

The Perfect Car.

But it takes more than a good appearance to make a reliable car. Comfort and elegance are all right, but useless unless allied to mechanical excellence. The perfect car—which, it goes without saying, is the all-British car—combines all three. In its best form it can be seen any day in the show-rooms of Napier and Son, Ltd., at 14, New Burlington Street. How a 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier (the Napier people, by the way, designed and built the first successful six-cylinder car) stormed the Alps under the official supervision of the R.A.C., and climbed some 66,000 feet in the process, is one of the most interesting pages in the history of automobilism, and Dolores' sketch illustrates an Alpine-tested model fitted with the "Cunard" torpedo body; while the smaller picture of the "bull-nosed" bonnet is an instance of the last word in Napier "bonnetry." In these same show-rooms too, where the needs of the town-dweller on the look-out for luxury have been carefully studied, the motorist with simpler tastes is equally well provided for. Now that it is rather harder for a rich man to leave England, except in khaki, than to go through the eye of a needle, the beauties of the English countryside are being fully recognised. We are discovering our own country in more ways than one, and experience suggests that the best way to do it is from the luxurious depths of a good English car like the Napier. After all, the motor-car,

The Woman in the Car.

It was not long before



"There are fashions in motors as well as motor fashions. . . . A couple of years ago the really 'nutty' car was a two-colour affair, boasting, it might be, a green body with yellow wheels. . . . The car of to-morrow, the modish model of 1916, will be Dreadnought-grey."

despite all the assaults of the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon it, is, and must remain, an important factor in English life. The duty on imported cars is a good thing for motoring rather than otherwise. It checks sheer waste, it is only fair to English makers, and in the long run will benefit the real motorist.

People who Ought to be Strafed.



V.—THE HUSBAND WHO CAN'T DO WITH FEWER THAN FIFTEEN BOXES OF MATCHES A DAY.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE NIGHT RAIDER.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE bang was like the slamming of an enormous door by a giant without manners.

Mr. William Edington paused over the catch of his despatch-case. His round face endeavoured to get over his shoulder, and his unsophisticated eyes fixed the plaque of sky beyond his window with an admonitory interrogation. As a man of comfort and substance and a householder, he objected to giants slamming doors in a way to disturb him. He said to his empty office, "What's up now?" At once the black sky outside palpitated for a vermilion moment, and "spshaat-BANG!" went something vigorously emphatic.

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Edington. "Are they firing at Zeppelins?" And after that he should have chuckled. But he did not chuckle. The night outside his office was burning in a white light. Light in pale bars was forcing a way up through the darkness. Mr. Edington bounced to his window. Hanging high and voiceless against the tarpaulin of blackness, milk-white, leech-like, amazingly impersonal, was a floating body. "Bump-bang" went a sound remote (rather like the noise of a boat hitting the water at the end of a chute), a star came out suddenly and began to lift upward towards the long white thing.

"Zeppelins!" gasped Mr. Edington, the sight being too astonishing for him to use the singular. There was a crash, and then another, both thick, woolly, and heavy. Over the roofs and the serration of chimneys a reddish fume shot up and was gone. At three different points the sky palpitated, and he heard the sound of guns.

Mr. Edington was plump, middle-aged, profoundly dignified, given rather to zeal than to energy. But he ran for his door. As he reached his door he switched off his electric light, and, after, ran much faster along a very dark passage. A primal, emotional instinct had seized him. It had caught him irresistibly against his will. He was running because his racial characteristics had asserted themselves. He ran feverishly along the passage to where there was a flight of steps and a door. He felt that he would see all this so much better on the roof.

Running in the dark, he could hear deep crashes around and near him, and could catch the thud of artillery. Something weakened under his diaphragm. He had the feeling that there was a huge and invisible beast above him, and that that beast might strike down and catch him in the neck without his being able to know or see what was shattering him. This emotion might be fear; but if it was, fear was different from what he had imagined fear to be. To Mr. Edington it was a sudden wateriness of personality begot of the knowledge that he could not see what was going to happen to him.

When he had arrived into a position to see, this emotion left him. Then he became frightfully and almost hysterically excited.

His view was magnificent, and the scene was so enormously dramatic as to overpower him. The spectacle was titanic. Mr. Edington's offices were at the top of a high block of buildings crowning the highest point in the industrial centre the Zeppelin was now bombarding. It was a grand-stand. Below him the town fell away with the big sweep of an amphitheatre. Beyond the valley low hills made a ring before him. The guns and the search-lights were on the hills. They were reaching up at the Zeppelin, which seemed almost above him and was moving gently with the impersonality of a gold-fish in a large tank.

The vast amphitheatre under his eyes was lit like a furnace. Light was pouring up at the dirigible until the sky was glowing like hot metal. Through the white light of the beams the fluttering flashes of gun-fire, bright but transient, threw heat against the darkness, and the redder tint of burning buildings spread wash after wash of glowing colour into the vivid scheme. The whole mass of colour was fused and blended together in a manner that

reminded Mr. Edington of the lighting effects that had made curious the "Miracle Play" as he had seen it at Olympia, London. Out of the cloud of heaving and vigorous light the bulks of big buildings, the city church, the Town Hall, and the rest loomed as if shaped of smoke. If Mr. Edington had had any imagination he would have felt like Dante.

Mr. Edington was not in a very safe position; he knew it; he knew he was a responsible citizen, a husband, and a father—but he did not care. Perhaps, somewhere deep in him, he was nervous; but somewhere rather near the surface was the certain knowledge that he wasn't going to miss so excellent a view for anyone. He was expecting, every minute, to see the Zeppelin hit, and the burning and fall of her would be a great sight.

The guns were firing continuously from all round, not in a fused cannonading, but in odd and definitely separated thumps. Some of the thumps were thicker and more guttural than others, and in the course of seconds merely he was familiar with the individuality of the detonations, and recognised them as he recognised old friends.

When a gun went off there appeared in the air, many thousand feet above it, a sharp spark. This spark would go on, with a sense almost of labour, pushing upward across the sky. It made him dance a little on the flat concrete of the roof to observe that some of the sparks fell very short, that they drooped like the heads of flowers and fell miserably back to the earth. One gun, of several, was firing admirably. The gunner was as cool and as imperturbable as a fine piece of machinery. He was plugging away with the steady resolution of a clock. He was going after the white dirigible without hurry, and, it seemed, without animosity, for all he meant to do was to hit her hard and finally. The thick sound of this gun and the unexcited craftsmanship of its artilleryman filled Mr. Edington with joy. He noted the regular beat of the discharge, and saw that, though each shell missed, each shell was nearer hitting than the last.

The Zeppelin had been heading for him. Now, as he looked, and as that part of him not excited and interested with the spectacle was beginning to point out that he would be caught and killed like a rat if a shell dropped on this tall building—just when the fluttering something within him began to flutter again—the Zeppelin changed direction.

She moved in the sky very perfectly and gracefully. She twinkled in his vision for a moment, seemed to be lost, then he saw her in her serpentine length, a thing with a nipple snout, thin as a weevil, with her gondolas hanging like udders beneath. But she had comeliness; up so high, there was the grace of a toy about her, and the white light of the big beams, that seemed to chain her to the earth made her ethereal. The unhurrying gunner paused as she turned until she was on an even course; then he thumped out at her, and Mr. Edington gasped as he saw how near the shells were going.

The dirigible was slipping away—going to the north and west at a curiously imperceptible rapidity. Mr. Edington danced again because he felt the disappointment of his unknown friend the gunner. Then he danced across the roof. A system of chimney-stacks cut off not only his roof from the next, but would presently cut off his vision of the Zep. He went towards the stacks with astonishing quickness—and, indeed, all these happenings and all these visions were occurrences of amazing swiftness. Enormous happenings were being crowded into moments.

The stacks made a high barrier, but presented few difficulties. In any case, Mr. Edington had climbed them by the iron rungs set in the wall of bricks but a few weeks ago, when a new system of escaping from fire had been explained by the landlord company of the whole block of buildings. It was dark and lonely and late at night, but Mr. Edington found the way. Fat, round, and homely

[Continued overleaf.]

TREATS IN STORE.



JONES: Hullo, Brown! Come and have a drink!

THE POPULAR MEMBER: Can't be done, dear boy—I've lunched twice already.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

though he was, he scaled the barrier like a cat. He would have descended the other side like an angel on Jacob's ladder. But he did not. He stopped. He gasped. There was something—somebodies—on the other side that arrested him.

Mr. Edington was "knocked feet over hair" by the sight he saw. It was indeed a confounding sight. The chief thing below him was a most vivid light; the light was big, flat, saucer-shaped, but with rays stiff and straight. It was so bright and silent that it seemed to fill the roof, and to go on blazing without attention. But he soon saw that this opinion of the phenomenon was incorrect; the light shut off and blazed again several times in a winking manner, and something moved under him. He saw that two men shared the roof with the refulgence.

The two men were quiet fellows, standing easily, working with unembarrassed and habitual gestures that somehow led him to rank them with the friendly and unflurried gunner who had won his admiration. One was examining the sky, the broad field of the valley, and the houses through a large pair of field-glasses, and his gestures were cool and preordained. The other man sat at his feet in a concentrated attitude, and sometimes he looked up at the moving Zeppelin, but nearly all the time his eyes were fixed on his right hand, which was closed round a long lever. Mr. Edington realised that the light had winked because this man had pulled the lever, for, though its arm was long and kept the two men well clear of the light, obviously there was some contrivance which caused the light to be covered when the sitting man pulled.

Mr. Edington gaped at them. That they should be working here, that they *had* been working here, was a thing of baffling astonishment to him. The men were well under cover; they worked coolly, and with such assurance that he guessed they had every right to be there. His steady gun bumped away in the distance, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the star of a shell pushing up and up and up until it was almost reaching out its fingers to snatch at the Zeppelin. "Gad," breathed Mr. Edington's internal conversationalist, "Gad, she's caught!" But she wasn't. The shell, like the hand of a man jumping at a growing pear, snatched, hung, failed, and went out. But it had been breathlessly near. Next time—!

The two men had stiffened as the shell climbed. Mr. Edington perceived an almost military intentness about them. He smiled. He was fond of them immediately. He knew them. They were two men of a signalling detachment. That was why they had reminded him of his imperturbable gunner—they were his brothers.

But he didn't smile very long. The man with the glasses said something strenuously in a whisper. It was the sort of admonitory mutter that one flung from a grand-stand at a footballer who, quite unsuspecting, was about to be tricked by another player running up behind. And the man hissed—

"Achtung! Eilen Sie sich! Eilen Sie sich!"

Something red and furious went off with a bang inside plump and homely Mr. Edington. He understood. He had had the misfortune of a two years' university training in Germany. He crouched. He, unmilitant, unaggressive, plump Mr. Edington prepared, without realising, to spring. As he crouched, his hand rested on the bricks of the stack supports, and closed on something that also rested there. It was a short, hard length of half-inch iron left behind by the fire-escape geniuses; but Mr. Edington did not know this. He only knew that beneath him were two men who spoke German—Germans. That they were signalling, and that they were obviously signalling to the Zeppelin. They were directing the Zeppelin; they had told her how best to drop her infernal bombs, how best to do her loathsome work of senseless slaughter, and now they were helping her to escape. They were spies—low, accursed Germans and spies.

Mr. Edington saw the two men through a red mist. He crouched. Lord, he'd tear their damned throats out! He forgot he was plump and homely. He was going to kill. If he jumped he'd come right on top of the big man—that would break his back. He'd hit the other before he could rise. He crouched.

He heard the conversation under him, though it went on quickly. Speaking in German, the man at the lever said—

"She's running right into the shelling, surely? The gunning's coming from the left, and she will go right over it on this course. . . . Shall I signal?"

"Yes," said the other. "They can't see with these twice-damned searchlights glaring in their eyes. The shells might be coming from anywhere—to them. Signal them to alter course to the right. Three flashes, isn't it?"

"Himmel, no!" snapped the other. "That's the signal for her to stop ship for messages. . . ."

"Three pulls on that lever stops the brute," registered Mr. Edington's singularly clarified brain. And he jumped.

He came down in an awful, soft thud on the back and neck of the standing man. This fellow went "O-ough" very softly, dived forward, and his face hit the concrete roof with a terrible bang. As he fell and was still, the man at the lever winced sideways and ducked in fear of the unexpected. Mr. Edington was on him like a panther.

Mr. Edington never really knew how he did it. As the soft mass went under him he staggered with bent knees on to the firmness of the roof. As he slithered, he swung his right hand wildly but emphatically. The second man was coming up by then, and the iron bar stripped a filament of scalp from above his temple. The fellow cursed, swayed, and tried to reach the Englishman from the vantage of his knees. Mr. Edington had struck again; the iron bar smashed with vast force across the fellow's nose and eyes and forehead. He fell sideways in a heap.

It all happened in a flash of instants, but Mr. Edington thought it had taken ages. He looked up, but the Zeppelin seemed to be in much the same place, though it was moving at a personable pace. A lot of guns had realised their futility and had stopped firing. The sky was left to the white, impersonal toy devil, the bulldog searchlights that clung to her, and the one calm and heavily speaking gun. As Mr. Edington watched, a shell burst over the Zep—well over her, so that sparks seemed to drop down on her. Mr. Edington was almost nerveless, it was so well over her. He thought, "Next shot should get her," for, though he did not know that the gunner was "registering" and feeling for an exact range, he guessed that the gunner would know now how far he had to fire to hit. "Next shot," he thought, "if I can keep her still."

He caught hold of the lever and pulled it.

The light went out.

He released the lever and the light shone. He repeated the performance until he had pulled three times. Then he stood gazing at the sky.

He did not know if the Zeppelin had stopped, but he knew that after a moment he seemed to see her more plainly. She was white, delicate, voiceless, beautiful, and she hung there as though she brooded over something. Just for a moment she hung, and the friendly gun with the thick voice bumped off in a flicker of faint light.

Mr. Edington saw the star climbing, and he saw it as one whose emotions had been petrified. It pushed its laborious way up and up and up across the back-cloth of blackness. Its heavy journey seemed intolerable and long. Abruptly the star was fused into the white, serpentine thing; abruptly there was a crumpling of shape; abruptly there fanned up from the street a wild yell of many voices raised in exultance, and Mr. Edington found that his voice was joined in that yell. Up in the air there seemed a whiff of mist that obscured just vision. Then the hard searchlights asserted themselves—and there was the wounded Zep.

Her beauty had gone. Her pointed snout was bashed in (the gunner, judging her pace, had fired at her stem, and had hit her in her second gas compartment), there was a lumpy and draperous jumble drooping from her for about an eighth of her length. And she was staggering down the sky in a wounded and nerveless fashion. She was coming lower.

A host of guns went off, and the big gun spoke again. There was a small explosion, and then an intolerable crash. There was flame in the sky, and Mr. Edington saw an incandescent mass falling slowly downwards. But Mr. Edington saw no more of this. There was an excruciatingly dapper officer before him, and several policemen, and one or two determined fellows with guns in their hands were coming over the barrier of stacks.

And Mr. Edington was wildly explaining. He wanted to tell everything from the beginning—from the beginning, with every telling detail. But he could only say things about spies—German spies that he had tried to kill.

One of the policemen was saying—

"All right, Mr. Edington. All right, Mr. Edington."

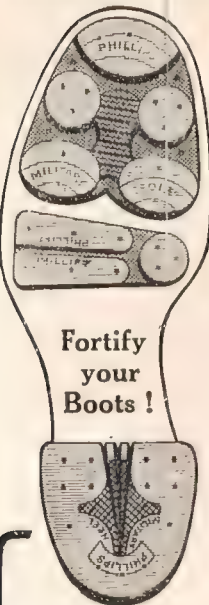
A man said to the officer—

"This chap's dead." He was at the side of the man who had worked the lever. The officer asked after the other.

"Not so lucky," said another man.

And Mr. Edington gasped because he had done his killing.

THE END.



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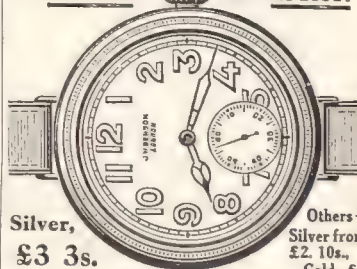
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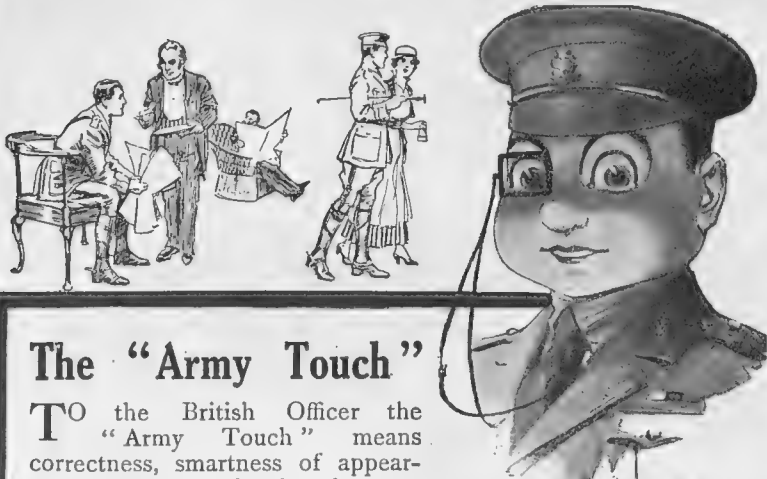
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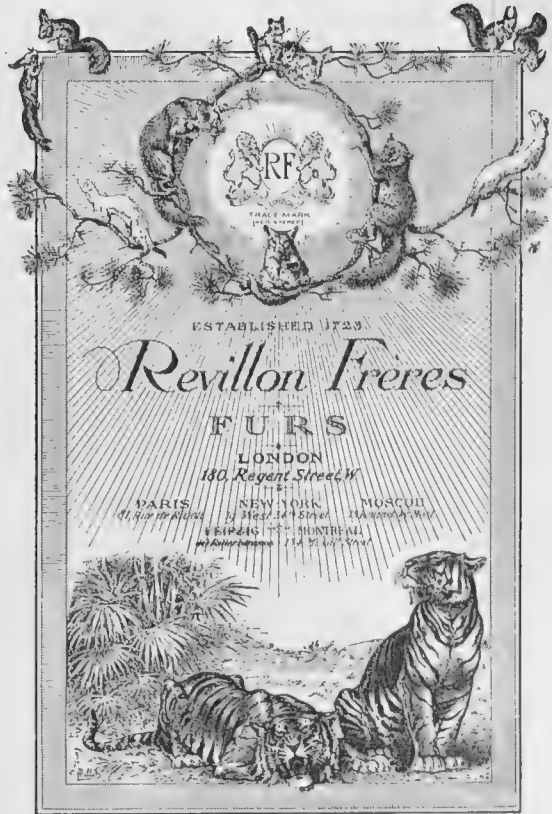
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Officers' Khaki.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

With the winter campaign in front of us, I would as soon advise a man to go into the trenches armed with blank cartridges as clad in cheap and indifferent kit.

I feel that I cannot emphasise too strongly to inexperienced officers the paramount importance of providing themselves with equipment of the finest quality that money can buy.

Since the winter of 1914-15 there has been a great rise in price, and also a scarcity of the best quality khaki. Not one man in a thousand is an expert judge of cloth, and any amount of second-grade material is being sold at the present moment which is totally unfit to stand the excessive strain of active service.

It is quite time that the misleading term "Officers' Regulation Khaki" was stopped. This description is now being used in all parts of London by firms offering uniforms at absurdly low prices, who have never previously produced a military garment. Let the newly fledged officer thoroughly understand that there is, unfortunately, no regulation quality for officers' khaki, and he is, therefore, at the mercy of the firm from whom he buys. With a recognised West End military tailor he has nothing to fear, but if he succumbs to the bait of cheapness he will pay a very bitter price during the rigours of the winter campaign. Every officer should realise that on active service the clothes he stands up in may have to last him indefinitely.

In the early days of the war, when scandalous shoddy khaki was being foisted on the Territorials, I was consulted by the War Office, and the evil was effectively nipped in the bud, and I should now be the first to welcome a fixed standard of the first quality for officers' khaki. The Government allowance of £50 for kit is not granted out of philanthropy, but to enable the newly gazetted officer to procure his uniforms from first-class military tailors, and those who are induced to save a few pounds by purchasing cheap kit will find they have practised a suicidal economy.

There is but one design for each garment of officers' kit, but there is an immensity of difference between the style imparted by the exclusive military tailor and those who have adopted this branch on the exigency of the moment. It is regrettable to observe an increasing number of officers wearing uniforms of indifferent cut and tailoring. Their appearance is not creditable to the high traditions of the British Army and Navy, and the fact is being adversely commented upon by the senior officers of the Services.

The Service connection of the House of Pope and Bradley includes practically every commissioned rank in the Army and Navy. Seventy per cent. of their entire trade is military, and their reputation ensures the correct military style. They are the appointed tailors to several regiments, and the experience gained of the precise requirements of active service is invaluable.

The uniforms produced by the House possess the same distinctive note of style which made their name famous for mufti tailoring.

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The prices quoted represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained, and should the price of wool continue to rise, as seems probable, these quotations must necessarily be subject to advance, as the House is determined to maintain the reputation they have made, and to refuse to supply officers with any material which they cannot absolutely guarantee. The best heavy-weight Baratheia khaki is very expensive now, and will be more so, but a Service Jacket well tailored from this material will last any three made from second-quality wool. To quote an illustration, an officer's uniform made by Pope and Bradley was worn in the trenches throughout the entire winter, and the mud scraped off with a knife daily. This uniform was returned to be cleaned in August, and is now in perfect condition to see service again for its second winter.

The following is a brief indication of the prices charged: For Service Kit, Jackets, 3½ and 4½ guineas; Slacks from 27s. 6d.; Riding Breeches from 2½ guineas; British Warms from £3 15s.; Waterproof Trenchers from £4 14s. 6d. For mufti, Lounge Suits and Overcoats range from four to six guineas, and Dress Suits from six guineas. Full Kit and Camp Equipment List, and Book on mufti styles, will be forwarded upon application to 14, Old Bond Street, W., or 11 and 13, Southampton Row, W.C.



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WOMAN'S WAYS

The Popularity of the Tea-Party.

In the antediluvian days of the season of 1914 we most of us were inclined to sniff at a tea-party. Nothing in the way of an invitation promised to amuse us but an evening at the Russian Opera, followed by a late supper at the Automobile Club, or a dinner at which we could count on wits and beauties, or a week-end at a famous country house. The modish might lunch out, making a brief appearance and disappearing into limbo, but tea and talk were voted "mouldy" and suburban, and were sternly discouraged by Society. Now, with our dark streets and expectation of Zeppelins, every inch of daylight is used for mild social purposes. Luncheon is in high favour, and no one disdains an invitation to come and drink tea, provided the host or hostess resides near an underground station. Thus, conversation is coming into fashion again, for explosive monosyllables—once all that was needed to express our stock of ideas—are much less in use, and it is no longer considered suspicious nor to savour of "bad form" to be able to express oneself coherently. Only yesterday I caught a gentleman telling humorous anecdotes (and capital stories they were) in a Chelsea drawing-room, to the amusement of the company, whereas such an event would have been unthinkable eighteen months ago. With the revival of Tea as an entertainment has come the great revival of Talk.

Decline and Fall of English Hospitality.

We have, as a nation, long amused ourselves at the niggardliness in hospitality of foreign nations, particularly the French, German, and Italian. But there were excellent reasons for their sparse invitations, for the *eau sucrée* and tea of Parisian evening parties, the sausages, herrings, and beer of the Teutons. They could not reasonably afford to give more, and to this parlous state of things we shall come, in a few brief months, ourselves. English hospitality—open house, week-ends, the habit of receiving other people's friends with whom you have no personal acquaintance, vast and elaborate dinner-parties—will all disappear, probably for a generation. Let

us make up our minds to renewing our sociable habits on simpler lines, and all will be well, for if we make a pretence at the old profuseness and the old splendour the decline and fall of British hospitality is inevitable.

The Cheerfulness of the "Junior Sub."

If anyone (and most of us do) requires to be heartened about It nowadays, he has only to read the "Junior Sub." in *Blackwood* to recover all his good-humour. For, in the last analysis, we perceive that it is the Junior Sub. and his like, and not the gold-laced Generals and Mandarins of Whitehall, who will, in effect, win this war. Principally, of course, through their precious youth and price-less vigour, but also because of their cheerful



AS SHE APPEARS IN "ROMANCE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: MISS DOROTHY BELLEW, SISTER OF MISS KYRLE BELLEW.

As a dainty débutante of the 'Sixties, Miss Dorothy Bellew, had she existed in real life in the days that she is representing in "Romance," would assuredly have turned the heads of half the gilded youth of Town. In "Romance," Miss Dorothy Bellew takes the part of "Miss Frothingham," and her art invests the impersonation with quite an Old-World daintiness and charm.

Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

good-humour, lack of bombast (and therefore of rancour), and their resolute determination to treat the whole hideous business as the "finest game in the world." You may kill, but you cannot dismay or dishearten, these wonderful "Junior Subs."—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Stalking for Caricatures.

We have read about spies almost to exhaustion. Now we have the only "Spy"; and most entertaining he is. You know who he is, of course? The caricaturist. Yes, certainly; but, more than that, a really first-rate caricaturist. Leslie Ward is a portrait-painter, and only exaggerates peculiarities discreetly when he is using board in place of canvas. He takes extreme care, too, to study his subjects thoroughly. He does not use photographs as "models." He must see with his own eyes. In certain cases that is easy enough—with clergymen and Judges, for instance: they are continually on view in public. In others it is very difficult. "I . . . stalked my man and caricatured him from memory. Many men I was unable to observe closely, and I was obliged to rely upon the accuracy of my eyesight, for distance sometimes lends an entirely fictitious appearance to the face. I listened to John Stuart Mill at a lecture on 'Woman's Rights'; and then as he recited passages from his notes in a weak voice it was made extremely clear that his pen was mightier than his personal magnetism upon a platform. A strange protuberance upon his forehead attracted me; and, the oddly shaped skull dipping slightly in the middle, 'the feminine philosopher' just escaped being bereft not only of his hair when I saw him, but of that highly important organ—the bump of reverence." Which reminds one of Mr. Ward's difficulties when he was asked to draw the grandchildren of Mrs. Coope, of Brentwood. "When I arrived," writes the artist, "I was shown into the nursery and introduced to a little baby, who was entirely occupied with crawling on the floor. After pursuing my erratic model all over the room in hopes of catching him at a happy moment, and failing hopelessly in my quest, I gave up, and was informed by the proud grandparent, 'She'll never sit still . . . your only chance is to crawl on the floor after her with your pencil and paper, and if you want to arrest her attention the only thing is to buzz like a bee.'"

Truth in Caricature.

No one could reasonably doubt the truth of the "Spy" caricatures. Yet several did—and fell! Witness a Provost of Eton, the Rev. Dr. Goodford. "When he saw the caricature," says the artist, "he protested rather indignantly against my having depicted him with his umbrella over his shoulder—on the grounds that it was not his habit to walk in this way. A short time after the publication of the cartoon he was passing down the High Street with his wife when his reflection caught his eye in Ingaltion Drake's shop-window, and he stopped suddenly to gaze in astonishment at what he saw therein. Running after Mrs. Goodford, who had walked on oblivious of his distraction, he exclaimed, 'My dear . . . "Spy" was quite right after all—I do walk with my umbrella over my shoulder!'"

Art by Heredity. That, surely, was a proof of success, a success "Spy" owes not only to his personal ability, but to heredity. His father, E. M. Ward, R.A., was, it is true, the only professional artist on that side of the family; but his mother—formerly Miss Henrietta Ward, and no relative, despite the name—came of a long line of artists, and was an artist herself. "Her father, George Raphael Ward, a mezzotint engraver and miniature-painter, also married an artist who was an extremely clever miniature-painter. John Jackson, R.A., the Portrait-Painter in Ordinary to William IV., was my mother's great-uncle, and George Morland became related to her by his marriage with pretty Anne Ward, whose life he wrecked by his drunken profligacy. His treatment of his wife, in fact, alienated from Morland men who were his friends, and amongst them my great-grandfather, James Ward . . . a most interesting character, and an artist of great versatility." Yet "Spy's" parents wanted him to be an architect! What a good thing he disappointed them!

"Forty Years of 'Spy.'" By Leslie Ward. With over 150 Illustrations. (Chatto and Windus; 16s. net.)



PLAYING WITH MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S COMPANY AS MRS. JEFFRIES, SENIOR, IN "FIND THE WOMAN": MISS KYRLE BELLEW.

Miss Kyrle Bellew is playing on tour with Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and she has made a notable hit in "Find the Woman," as the Society lady, Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Senior. Her performance promises to bring her into the front rank of her profession, favoured as she is by a delightful presence, a well-modulated voice, and acting powers of marked versatility.

The Care of the Sick.

ILLNESS demands much care in the feeding of the patient. Again in Convalescence, or when the Digestion becomes impaired through Worry, Overstrain, or as the result of any other cause, the question of suitable food is of the utmost importance, if health is to be regained. Aged persons also need to pay special attention to their dietary, particularly to the last meal at night; this should be such as to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The food selected for use in all these cases must be palatable, easy of digestion, wholly nourishing and speedily restorative.

For Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged.

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TO H.M. THE KING.

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OWING to a Postal Regulation that parcels containing bottles cannot in future be accepted for despatch by Parcel Post to the British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces, we regret having to withdraw our extensively advertised offer to send a special 5s. case of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE** direct to any member of the Expeditionary Force on the Western Front.

The ordinary supplies of the Original and Genuine Worcestershire Sauce will, of course, continue to be obtainable by the public in the usual way, and we understand that it is now available at the Front.

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—and to know that it will never come back again. That joy is experienced by the thousands of ladies who have had this blemish removed at the Pomeroy Treatment Rooms. This Treatment, given by experts, absolutely destroys the hair-root and papilla. It cannot grow again, for nothing is there to grow.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

How We Took It. London and suburban women took the terror that flieth by night calmly, as they have taken everything connected with the horrors of war. In the actual areas of bomb-dropping there were cases of fright and shrieking and fainting—how could it have been otherwise? On the other hand, there were still more cases of perfect self-control, and quiet, white-faced women made ready for death. When the accounts of these raids are written, as they will be when the war is over, by trained journalists who saw what went on, we shall have further reasons for thankfulness for our traditions and our nationality, and our British womanhood—a birthright beyond all riches. After the raid the women sightseers, of whom there were thousands, expressed

great disappointment with the amount of material damage accomplished by the sky-pirates. A curious thing it was to hear a woman, many miles in the country, looking straight up at one of these marauders and piously thanking God that she was not in London! In suburban and country districts the people were out half the night on the nearest hills to see what they could. Some men had taken the precaution of locking their womenkind in, and taking the keys in their pockets; and some women had conveniently emerged from windows!

East and West. We hear these terms very frequently in connection with this awesome war. There is an invasion of the West by the East which we are all delighted with. It is J. Grossmith and Sons' new perfume, "Wana Ranee," the scent of Ceylon, which is typically Eastern in character, and a successor worthy in charm, lastingness, subtlety, and fascination to the previous triumphs of Oriental perfumery attained by this firm with its wonderful reputation. Although "Wana Ranee" made its bow to the public in July 1914, and was a success of the season, it stood the shock of war, and has through all our troubles maintained that fine success. As nowadays uniformity in perfume is a canon of feminine taste, "Wana Ranee" is prepared in all forms for the toilet, including hair-lotion, brilliantine, toilet-water, dental cream, face-powder, toilet-cream, soap, bath-crystals, sachets, cachous, and shampoo-powder. All are made from the finest ingredients, and are most

attractively put up. A "Wana Ranee" Toilet Guide is a small booklet which gives good information on how beneficially to use these preparations.

Hats Off and Heads Bowed.

Not in sorrow, but in reverence, for the memory of Edith Cavell, martyr. There is no woman worthy of the name—and it has taken its old place of honour now—who does not feel that this martyr-nurse has raised the reputation of womanhood. I expect, and I hope, that a memorial service will be held for her, which all the members of her glorious profession, whose duties will permit, can attend. Her only fault was exercising "the quality of mercy" which "droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven." Had a German nurse in our midst done as she did, we would have taken measures to prevent a repetition of the acts; but in the hearts of British men and women there would have been none but kindly and creditable thoughts of her. A British military tribunal might have given conventional censure, but, at heart, there would have been the wish

that our women, put in her place, would have done likewise. There would have been no punishment!

The Dardanelles General's Wife.

The Hon. Lady Monro is sister to Lord O'Hagan, and was married to Major-General Charles Carmichael Monro, C.B., on Oct. 1, three years ago. The name of Towneley, which Lady Monro bore before her marriage, is her mother's surname. Dowager Lady O'Hagan is the daughter and co-heir of the late Colonel Charles Towneley, of Towneley, and his wife, who was Lady Caroline Harriet Molyneux, daughter of the second Earl of Sefton. The Towneleys are one of the oldest of English families, and one belonging for generations to the Catholic faith. The Countess of Abingdon was Lady Monro's aunt, and Lady Alexander Gordon-Lennox, mother of Mr. Cosie of that house, was her mother's only other sister. A cousin was a nun at Namur; and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh is also a cousin. The Towneley Marbles, in the British Museum, were collected by an ancestor. General Sir C. C. Monro is a Scotsman.

Anti-Misery.

There are things that are well-nigh unbearable, and gout is one of them. When attacked thereby, let us get out our anti-misery Anturic Salts, and have a real comforting and curative bath. So many things that we are told to do for cure and for relief are unpleasant, but this is luxurious, as well as efficacious. The salts are easily obtainable from all chemists or druggists, or from the sole agents, Sanger's, 258, Euston Road, N.W.

We regret that in our illustrations last week of the wedding of the Hon. Clive Pearson and the Hon. Alicia Knatchbull-Hugessen, we inadvertently described Lady Denman as the aunt of the bridegroom. Lady Denman is the bridegroom's sister, and is the only daughter of Lord Cowdray.

Soldiers and others who are much on their feet find their comfort in walking immensely increased by having a set of Phillips's Military Soles and Heels nailed on to the soles of their boots. The toughened india-rubber of which they are made is claimed to be more durable than leather. At the same time, they impart a springiness to the gait and afford a smooth and noiseless tread which greatly diminishes the fatigue of marching. Moreover, they keep the feet dry and they prevent slipping, which makes them extremely useful in crossing bad ground, not only to military men, but to golfers, and others who do much walking in the country. The price of a complete set for one pair of boots, with nails for attachment, has been reduced for the duration of the war from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 9d. They are made in two sizes, A and B (A for boot sizes 9, 10, and 11; B, for sizes 6, 7, and 8), and may be obtained through any bootmaker, who, if he has not got them in stock, can get them from the makers, Messrs. Phillips' Patents, Ltd., 142-146, Old Street, London, E.C. With the approach of winter and its inevitable bad weather conditions the value of these india-rubber soles and heels is inestimable, whether for use by military men or civilians.



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A CHARMING FUR-TRIMMED COSTUME.

Over a skirt of black-and-white striped velvet is worn a neat little black-velvet coat with trimmings of seal fur on the collar and cuffs.



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AN EVENING CLOAK IN BLACK AND GOLD.

An original design for an evening cloak, carried out in black charmeuse, with appliques of conventional flowers in dull-gold and black velvet. The cuffs, collar, and hem are of seal fur, and there is a rose of dull-gold tissue placed at the throat.

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Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from £3 15s.; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers, from 37s. 6d.; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests from 6 gs.; well-made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, £3 17s. 6d.; solid oak bedsteads to match; handsome china toilet services, from 3s. 6d.; large bedroom and other carpets, from 7s. 6d.; well-made solid bedroom suites, complete, at 5 gs.; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full size, complete with spring mattresses, at 25s.; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at £5 17s. 6d.; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at £6 15s.; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at £7 15s.; three artistic large bedroom suites, at £9 17s. 6d.; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, 13 gs.; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads with superior spring mattresses, complete, 45s.; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, 12 gs.; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, £14 14s.; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at £3 17s. 6d.; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to 175 gs.

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine tone upright piano, £7 15s.; a magnificent instrument by Philip Dudley, £12 15s.; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, £25, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass, from £4 15s.; four oak American roll-top desks, at £3 17s. 6d. Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from £4 17s. 6d.; real Turkey rugs, at 17s. 6d.; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, £8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining table, £4 10s.; Queen Anne-design mantel mirror to match, 42s.; 18 luxurious Chesterfield settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.; magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, £6 15s.; mahogany inlaid overmantel, 30s.; extending dining table of Sheraton design, £3 17s. 6d.; 12 very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design, mahogany inlaid, at 18s. 6d.; 2 arm-chairs to match, at 30s.; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, £45; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, 15 gs.

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The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted—

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, 12 gs., complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, £16 16s.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, Carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled.

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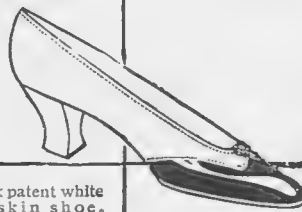
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A word to the wise: ask to see the velvet bedroom slippers at 4/6!



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Everything for woman's wear.
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THE Mason Pearson Brush—made of the best black wild boar bristles, set in clusters in a pneumatic rubber pad—passes through your hair just as a comb does. You feel the bristles getting down to the scalp, and cleansing your hair of all dust. The Mason Pearson does its work more pleasantly and more effectively than any other type of brush yet devised and by stimulating the skin action, improves the condition and appearance of the hair.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE MOTOR-CYCLE IN WAR: DUTY ON BRITISH CARS? THE FUEL QUESTION.

Motor-Cycling Recruits Wanted.

Young men who are specially qualified for a particular branch of military service have found from time to time that there is no vacancy in their own line when they have presented themselves at the proper quarter. Repeatedly, for example, the Mechanical Transport Section of the Army Service Corps has rung the changes from "Full Up" to urgent appeals for further recruits. A chance is now open, however, to motor-cyclists, as men are wanted for the motor-cycling section of the Royal Engineers. They must be skilled riders and thoroughly capable of carrying out roadside repairs, but machines will be provided free. If they are first-class mechanics who can produce evidence of considerable repairing experience, they may be enrolled as artificers. Candidates will be examined as to their technical abilities by any of the following inspecting officers:

Captain G. Thorp, R.E., Military Central Telephone Exchange, Devonport; Mr. G. E. Dominy, 39, Jewry Street, Winchester; and Mr. T. Goldsworthy Crump, 8, St. George's Terrace, Taunton. All particulars as to rate of pay, etc., can be obtained from the inspecting officers, or from Mr. C. W. H. Braun, Copythorne Lodge, Cadnam, Southampton.

Sir A. Mond's Figures.

Into the polemics of "free" versus "fair" trade, or of war-time tariffs on imported cars and excise duties on British products, I have no desire to enter here; but questions of fact are of interest to everybody, no matter what the cause in support of which they are adduced. I am surprised, therefore, to find that up to the time of writing no one has questioned an astounding statement by Sir Alfred Mond in the House of Commons. Rightly or wrongly, he is against the import duties on American cars, and, failing the withdrawal of the 33 1-3 per cent. impost, advocates an equal duty upon British cars, both new and second-hand. In support of his contention, he is reported as having alleged that he had counted no fewer than ninety-seven separate British makers as now advertising cars for sale! Seriously, one may express the opinion that no statement of such unintentional inaccuracy has ever been adduced in support of any cause, good, bad, or indifferent. As a matter of fact, there are not ninety-seven firms of car-makers in the whole British industry. At the last Olympia Show the British exhibitors of cars numbered less than fifty. As for present conditions, the number of British firms which can supply a car on demand is practically nil. Even if Sir A. Mond had included those manufacturers who advertise their existence in order to keep their names before the public, so that they will not have been forgotten by the time peace is declared, he would still have been unable to make the figures total anything like the supposed ninety-seven. If further proof be needed, let anyone turn to the issue of the *Autocar* for Oct. 16, and he will find that

the advertisements of British manufacturers of cars amount to just one dozen! Perhaps Sir Alfred will kindly elucidate the mysteries of his amazing misconception of the case.

A Hint to Buyers.

It is freely stated in trade circles that an appreciable number of imported cars have been held up since the Budget was first declared, with the object of selling them at higher prices when the Finance Bill has been passed, on the score of added duty. If this scheme were realised, of course, the cars imported before the Budget, but retained for the time being, would neutralise the duty actually paid on an equivalent number of vehicles. In this connection, therefore, the vendors of the Overland advise all buyers of imported cars to insist on having the amount of duty paid inscribed upon the invoice. Any firm can charge whatever price it pleases for its products, but to represent that an increase is caused by a duty which has not actually been paid is quite another matter, and particularly concerns those who placed their orders before the duty was imposed.

The Saving of Fuel.

Now that the price of petrol has been so substantially increased, certain journals are counselling the use of "extra air" attachments to the carburettors. As to this, one can only say that the devices in question may sometimes be usefully employed, but it is not to be assumed that they can be fitted with advantage in every case. Some months ago, for example, I determined to experiment with a particular device which the manufacturers had assured me that they could fit to my car. On taking the latter round to the works, however, I found, to my surprise, that, though it was a standard model, there

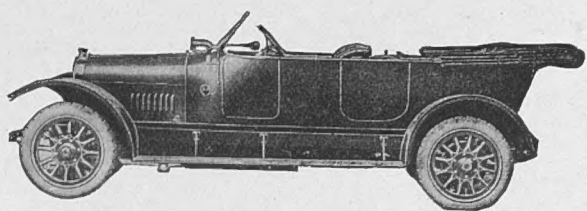
were difficulties in the way of attachment. I bought, accordingly, another type of petrol-saver, and asked my local repairer to fit it one day while I went to town. He advised me strongly, however, not to disturb the *status quo*, adding that he had already fitted several similar devices, and had eventually been requested to take them off, as they were unsatisfactory in working. Then I took counsel of the makers of the car, and they, too, said that their experience was precisely similar. Rather than throw good money after bad, therefore, I put the apparatus on one side, preferring to sacrifice its cost to paying for its fitting and probable detachment at a later date. Experiences of this kind, by the way, are somewhat unpleasantly familiar to a writer on motoring topics, who is more prone to the making of experiments than the ordinary owner. In some cases, of course, a device may be fitted free of cost; but even this involves the loss of the car meanwhile, and consequent trouble on the road if the experiment prove unsuccessful; and the original parts must be restored at one's own expense.



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Things New: At the Theatres.

AT present the defect of Mr. Vachell's qualities as dramatist is that he cannot get rid sufficiently of the influence of the stage when writing for the theatre. Now, whatever may be one's opinion about modern theories of playwriting of different schools more or less opposed to one another, the one good common feature of them all is their hostility to the *clichés* and *ficelles* of the earlier, uninspired drama. Absolute fidelity to life, no doubt, is unobtainable: like the horizon, it recedes as we approach; yet progress is made. Unfortunately, Mr. Vachell, young still as a dramatist, cannot help looking at life through the footlights when writing for them, so "The Case of Lady Camber," after a first half of serious, real comedy, plunges into melodrama. We had a warning in the first act when Nurse Yorke flourished a mysterious poison-phial at us; but I had forgotten all about it till part of the third was over, and we switched on to what was almost a new drama—a play of theatrical ingenuity, not life, carried on by one of those promises extorted from heroines by villains that exasperate people of good sense. There are those who think we ought to leave good sense with our hats and coats in the cloak-room, but I always stick to my coat and hat. So the new play at the Savoy, considered as a whole, is a strong, interesting melodrama, and not quite such a success as "Quinney's." Certainly it interested and thrilled the house. Miss May Leslie Stuart made a real hit by her very clever performance as Lady Camber, the unhappy music-hall star who found marriage with a Lord a failure; and her husband was excellently presented by Mr. Ben Webster. Miss Jessie Winter was charming as the pretty nurse, whose vindication was not quite as transparently triumphant as could be wished. Mr. Irving, in the part of the purblind surgeon, played effectively and with admirable restraint. Mr. Holman Clark was rather amusing in the part of a fashionable medical man. Almost the pick of the bunch was Mr. James Lindsay, who represented perfectly the butler of the fashionable "vet."

Miss Lena Ashwell has a gift for finding new authors—which probably means an unusually sound judgment in reading plays. Her latest discovery, Mr. J. H. Turner, has the bloom of youth upon him, lucky fellow, for it may be noticed by the observant that a cloud of middle-age has been upon the theatre for some years past. The author of "Iris Intervenes" has his audacities: he does not care twopence about plots, probably takes a somewhat savage joy

in banging at respectabilities, and altogether is jolly and reckless; but he has real wit, and manages to place some of his characters firmly on their feet. We have not all met Iris, perhaps (no such luck!), but we all know the narrow-minded, fatuous, respectable Henry Cumbers, who bullies his excellent wife without knowing it, and is enormously puzzled by his ugly-duckling son, who, however, probably never turned into a swan. Henry is delightfully amusing and hopelessly a prig, and none the less real when he exhibits genuine manhood. After all, I suppose we ought to admit that the real "guts" of the kingdom consists of the conventional, hide-bound people of whom we make fun in the theatre, and he is one of them, admirably drawn, and finely acted too by Mr. A. E. George—fussy, fidgety, a colossus of respectability with weak knees. Iris, despite brave efforts by Miss Ashwell, is less convincing: her programme of

blows, kisses, tears, is rather dazzling, and has its bright intermediate moments: a fantastic, entertaining figure, presented brilliantly with superb abandon by the actress. One must not overlook Miss May Whitty, excellent as the down-trodden wife; or Mr. James Stanners, who played skilfully as the revolting son, betrothed to a strong-minded young lady, cleverly acted by Miss Muriel Pratt. Altogether, a very jolly evening at the Kingsway.

A French company at the Court earned gratitude by

beginning only a quarter of an hour late—perhaps a record of punctuality for a French company in London. A funny piece, "Patachon," but with the *vieux jeu* flavour which distinguishes much of modern French comedy. What a contrast between Mr. Henry Cumbers and Max du Tilloy, hero of the French piece, presented sympathetically as the middle-aged father of a marriageable daughter, proud of his title King of the Fast Set of Paris, which he strives hard to deserve. One must not probe this kind of piece, but merely laugh at its superficial gaiety, clever technique, and droll, sometimes ultramarine dialogue. Curious what a chasm is exhibited by "Patachon" and "Iris Intervenes," between the French and the English: there was what newspapers love to call an "Entente" audience, and it thoroughly enjoyed the piece. The company is good enough, the most agreeable member being Mlle. Mirianne, charming as the lively ingénue. M. M. L. Chaumont—the name reminds one of a famous favourite of the Palais Royal—was ingeniously amusing in a Tartuffe part; whilst Max and his wife were excellently rendered by M. Francis Baissac and Mlle. Louise Dauville.



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A prophetess, Cymric of Cwm,
Foretold for the Kaiser some dym,
In Llanystymidwy to dwell
For ever, oh ———
No more hearing Krupp's guns
go "Bwm!"

Then a rival seer of Rhyl
Suggested a more bitter phyl:
As a guest, housed in Criccieth,
No peace for the Wiccieth!
Of fruit, rare and refreshing, his
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but no O. S. TOOTH BLOCK,
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Guy and Pauline."

By COMPTON MACKENZIE.
(Martin Secker.)

People who love Mr. Mackenzie's art will love "Guy and Pauline" with peculiar intimacy just because it is so purely an affair of exquisite taste. The most diligent scissors Mr. Secker may employ will never snip out the comment that it is "strong" or "arresting," for such words cannot be used of a flower wrought in Venetian glass, nor of "Guy and Pauline." It tells of the too-long engagement between two well-bred young people, and with no scenery more thrilling than the pastoral meadows of Oxfordshire, no incident more poignant than the hysterical regret of a maiden over a harmless escapade, no curtain more dramatic than the fall of the seasons; it will be seen how much is up to Mr. Mackenzie himself. Everything; like a classic vase empty of plot, reliant upon line, upon paste, upon tenderesses of colour, "Guy and Pauline" asks the finality of treatment from its author, and gets it on every page. It is a very perfect work of art, and the rare words that might be—yes, "arresting" in a *milieu* of less determined artistry flutter like exotic butterflies across the decorative pattern of this English idyll. It is so absolutely right that Guy, the poet in retreat, about to become the lover, should feel that the vision of the charming mother of the charming Rectory family, sitting by the fire in her wide-winged chair, "would in his memory rest always enambered"; that jocund hay-makers should work through "the lusted afternoon," that goldfinches should salute May morning in "rustling canzonets," rising and falling with reedy cadences. But no artificial beauty can veil Mr. Mackenzie's feeling for places. He has written a romance so intensely of its county that it is impossible to imagine it enacted out of England, scarcely out of Oxfordshire. The birds and the emotion and the ragged robins may be ever so fantastically embroidered into his pattern; they remain essentially and eternally English. They are also modern to the extent of fourteen months. Guy, struggling with his *belle dame*, suffering from a surfeit of fastidious poesy, and mourning the lost secret of the Elizabethans, whose harmony "could fuse all baseness in a glittering song," is *démodé* by exactly fourteen months. Perhaps the Elizabethan secret lay in the fact that while ardently gathering roses, their art could joyfully reckon with manure. They were in harmony with the rose-garden. We have picked our roses and brought them to decorative interiors so long that we lose touch with essentials. War, one of the few primitive essentials, is changing all that. Guy's love-affair could not blossom and languish in 1915 as in 1914. Guy would become, by the most glorious incentives, a man of action, and his poetry, his love even, be merely a rich overflow of vitality to spare, just as it used to be with those old Elizabethans. Guy is probably fighting now, and when Mr. Mackenzie, in some distant solace, after all this tumult, draws out of his wonderful experience another story, the secret of the Elizabethans will be abroad in Georgian England, fusing all the violence and baseness of the struggle in a glittering song.

"A Young Man's Year."

By ANTHONY HOPE.
(Methuen.)

The *motif* of the ambitious young man in a great capital, with his way to make, and friends to make, and very little to do it on, is an extremely attractive one. Of all Balzac's ardent, impressive figures is there one more ardent and impressive than Eugène Rastignac in his boarding-house? Still, Anthony Hope is not Balzac, and therefore, Arthur Lisle is not Rastignac. He is just a sketch from the outside of an ordinary

young barrister waiting for briefs, who did his best to entangle himself with the wrong woman twice, was luckily twice prevented, and made good with the apparent right-and-sensible one as tardily as possible. There is a Regent Park set not quite, quite, centred round a wealthy perfumer and his daughter; there is a Hill Street set migrating to country-house life, and unmistakably "quite," sprinkled with successful lawyers. Between these two, Arthur revolves, and considering his lapses of omission and commission, revolves very successfully. It all reads a little stale, as if Mr. Hope were too tired to feel very much about any of his people. Whether this be true or no, the effect remains; and though his knowledge of story-telling saves the worst possibilities—for "A Young Man's Year" is readable enough—it will leave the reader quite untouched by any real feeling. A much worse book whose author was aglow might succeed where this fails; and remembering the romance of the past signed by Mr. Anthony Hope, the almost breathless romance, it would seem that, for once, the author's heart has not been in his work.

"Mimi's Marriage."

By V. MIKOULITCH.
(Fisher Unwin.)

With all deference to Tolstoy, whom the wrapper proclaims as marvelling at the frankness of this book's feminine revelations, it adds negligibly to the knowledge of a woman's heart, frivolous or otherwise. It was so like Tolstoy to conclude that such frank writing of feminine triviality could not come from a woman's pen. Indeed, the unprejudiced reader feels almost sorry for Mimi in the clutch of this resolute and relentless betrayer who pursues her in guise of an author; but, dear shade of Tolstoy, did you fail to detect the flamboyant cattiness which exposes Mimi's growing passion with the same delight as her curl-papers? There was a certain Flaubert who analysed pitilessly the poor affair of a woman's heart. But though Mme. Bovary makes a terrible picture of lust and vanity, her author never touched malice or contempt as he gave out the last truth about her to the world. That ruthless portrait leaves no room for slighter emotions than pity and terror. Mimi is another story. It is unkind with the peculiar unkindness of a woman to a woman, and Tolstoy was so much the less of an artist that he missed the shade. Her lover, whom she met while doing a health cure in the Caucasus (the cure being principally a holiday from a *mariage de convenance*), and with whom she rode across the hills, as, before her, Mme. Bovary had followed her seducer through the woods, is a most convincing study. His arguments and his attitude, what woman pursued illegitimately by man does not know them!

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

- The Later Life. Louis Couperus. 6s.
(Heinemann.)
Because of These Things. Marjorie Bowen. 6s.
(Methuen.)
When Summer Comes Again. Beatrice Baskerville. 6s.
(Simpkin.)
A Game of Hearts. G. B. Burgin. 6s.
(Hutchinson.)
"Confirmed Bachelor." E. Everett-Green. 6s.
(Hutchinson.)
Beltane the Smith. Jeffery Farnol. 6s.
(Sampson, Low.)
The Thirty-Nine Steps. John Buchan. 1s. net.
(Blackwood.)
Drifting Waters. Rachel Swete Macnamara. 6s.
(Chapman and Hall.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Re-Discovered Country. Stewart Edward White. 10s. 6d. net (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Spirit of the Soil. G. D. Knox. With a Foreword by Professor W. B. Bottomley. 2s. 6d. net (Constable.)
Hymn Before Action. Rudyard Kipling. 1s. net (Methuen.)
The Surrey Hills. F. E. Green. Illustrated by Elliott Seabrooke. 7s. 6d. net (Chatto and Windus.)
Tiger Land. C. E. Gouldsbury. 2s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall.)
A Salute from the Fleet. Alfred Noyes. 5s. net (Methuen.)
My Years at the Austrian Court. Nellie Ryan. (The Bodley Head.)

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